

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

[NOVEMBER 1, 1873.]

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.]

[IS RESERVED.]

No. 546.—VOL. XXI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 18, 1873.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE MEETING IN THE PARK.]

FATE.

By the Author of "Nickleboy's Christmas-Box,"
"Maurice Durant," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

From what small causes spring most mighty things.

Love trims his shafts with turtle's wings.

BEFORE the soup was removed Mr. Packer was announced, and entered, followed by another gentleman, whose name the footman had given as Mr. Clarence Clifford.

Lilian raised her eyes curiously and was nearly guilty of starting. No greater contrast to the fancy picture she had drawn could be imagined than that presented by Mr. Packer's protégé: tall instead of short, dark and mournful-eyed instead of yellow-orbed, calmly and reservedly dignified, and very sparing of gesture and action instead of vivaciously grotesque, and above all possessed of a deep, musical, but markedly cold and grave voice.

Sir Ralph was too good a judge of human coin to hesitate in his decision for a moment—Mr. Packer's protégé was a gentleman.

Lilian, well qualified to pronounce on his looks, half decided that he was handsome; but before he had gained his seat after respectfully acknowledging Sir Ralph's salutation, she had decided that he was too singular looking to be that.

The eyes were too guarded and mournful, the lips too sternly cut and unyielding, the whole face too strongly marked with an unbecoming severity of reserve to possess the grace necessary to win the title.

No, handsome he was not.

Mr. Packer commenced his apology.

"I deeply regret, Sir Ralph, that we are so late, but the delay was unavoidable. My good mare, who has brought me hither some hundreds of times, chose to-night for shying at the finger-post by the cross-roads. Had it not been for Mr. Clifford I suspect she would have run away."

Sir Ralph inclined his head in acknowledgment and acceptance of the apology, and addressed himself to Mr. Clifford.

"I am afraid you are extremely tired of your journey," he said.

"Not at all, I thank you, sir," said Mr. Clifford, quietly.

"Not an Italian," thought Lilian, "or he has acquired our hideous English most marvellously well."

"Doubtless you found the scenery interesting," said Sir Ralph, in his stately but not unkind manner.

"Are you acquainted with English scenery?"

"Very little," replied Mr. Clifford, as quietly and composedly as before.

"Mr. Clifford knows nothing of England, I think, excepting its capital," said Mr. Packer.

"You never went out of London while in this country, I think?"

"No," was the reply. "Not out of London."

"Indeed," said Sir Ralph. "Your name is English. It was that which made me ask you."

"Yes, my name is English—I believe," replied Mr. Clifford, hesitating a little before the two last words.

"Decidedly," said Sir Ralph. "Palmer, the port."

Palmer filled his master's glass and took the decanter of choice vintage round, but, excepting by the old lawyer, it was declined.

"Do you drink no wine?" asked Sir Ralph, noticing Mr. Clifford's refusal.

"None, I thank you," was the respectful reply.

"Mr. Clifford is almost a total abstainer," said Mr. Packer, smiling.

"Not on principle, I trust," said Sir Ralph, grimly.

He disliked all new notions; this new-fangled notion of refusing the gracious bounties of a merciful providence he detested.

"No, not on principle, but as a matter of habit," said Mr. Clifford.

Sir Ralph nodded.

"That is not so unpardonable," he said, "I feared you were—what do they call themselves, Mr. Packer?—a teetotaller."

Lilian had remained silent, waiting to see if Mr.

Clifford would deign (that was the word she used afterwards, he looked so "proudly humble" she declared) to address a remark to her first, but, as it seemed highly probable they would leave the table without exchanging a sentence unless she commenced, she said:

"Was Mr. Packer's horse hurt?"

"Not at all, madam," was the reply, as composedly delivered as the preceding ones. "Her fright did not last long, and we reached the Hall without a farther display of it."

"I am very glad she was not hurt," said Lilian, smiling. "Old Polly is a favourite of mine. You know it, Kate, with its white forehead."

"Yes, Lilian," replied the companion, speaking also for the first time, and raising her face, which as usual had been lowered.

"Palmer, the port, please," said Sir Ralph.

And then a silence ensued, broken by the rising of Lilian and Sir Ralph, who went forward to open the door for her and the companion's exit.

Sir Ralph was too highly bred to introduce the subject of Mr. Clifford's pending engagement at the dinner-table, and the remaining bottle of port was drunk in comparative silence, which would have sat awkwardly upon all three had it not been for the occasional remarks of Mr. Packer requiring responses from the young tutor and the assents or dissents which Sir Ralph was invariably called upon to give.

In a short time the stately Palmer threw open the library door and the three gentlemen adjourned.

Sir Ralph seated himself in his old high-backed chair and in his stony way motioned the lawyer and Mr. Clifford into two others.

"I understand from Mr. Packer," he commenced, "that you are, Mr. Clifford, desirous of obtaining an engagement as Italian tutor?"

Mr. Clifford bowed.

"That is so, sir," he said.

"My daughter wishes to learn the language, and I am willing that she should be taught. Are you an Italian, may I ask?"

"I am half English and half Italian, I believe."

said Mr. Clifford, slowly and with a strange hesitation.

Then before Sir Ralph could take up the conversation he resumed:

"So dubious a reply needs some explanation, sir. You will understand my hesitation when I inform you that I do not remember my parents and that I was brought up by a guardian who kept me in perfect ignorance of my parentage. What I know I have learned by surmise and calculation."

Sir Ralph looked surprised.

"But," continued Mr. Clifford, "I am assured that I speak the language with the accent of a native, and, with all due modesty, I believe I am qualified to teach it, or," he added, with quiet dignity, "I would not undertake to do so."

"Just so," said the baronet, with stately approval. "And your guardian is dead?" he asked.

"I know not," was the reply. "I left him to come to England. I was of an age to earn my own livelihood, and—dependence is bitter."

Sir Ralph nodded again.

"You arrived?"

"Two years ago," was the answer. "And for those two years Mr. Packer"—here he turned to the dry old lawyer with a sudden light in his face that transformed it—"to whom I owe my life's gratitude, has generously offered to answer."

Mr. Packer, declining with a business-like gesture of his hand such an awkward thing as sentiment of any kind, said, in his slow, concise manner:

"For two years Mr. Clifford, as I informed you, Sir Ralph, has been employed by me in copying drafts and such work. He has been industrious and given me every satisfaction. He speaks Italian like a native, Spanish fluently, and, I think, is a fair classical scholar."

Mr. Clifford inclined his head respectfully.

Sir Ralph bowed.

"Quite sufficient, quite sufficient, thank you; I place the utmost reliance on you, Mr. Packer. Do you stay at the 'Arms' to-night?"

"Yes, Sir Ralph," replied Mr. Packer.

"Then if Mr. Clifford will give me until to-morrow to decide I will communicate with him through you."

Mr. Clifford bowed and rose.

"The terms," continued Sir Ralph. "Have you fixed them, Mr. Clifford?"

"The terms I leave to you, sir," said Mr. Clifford. "Let them be what they may I rest assured that they will be just."

Sir Ralph looked at Mr. Packer.

"One hundred and fifty per annum," said the lawyer, as if he were reading from a report, "would be the usual salary."

Mr. Clifford shook his head.

"Pardon me, sir, that is, I think, above the average. One hundred pounds would be more than I expected."

"If Mr. Packer says a hundred and fifty it shall be that sum," said Sir Ralph, with quiet stateliness; "and I may add that a suite of private rooms will be placed at your disposal. Rivershall is large and there are only my daughter and myself here."

"Do these terms satisfy you?" asked Mr. Packer, in a business-like way.

"Far more than satisfy," replied Mr. Clifford. "I fear they are too liberal."

"Then," said Mr. Packer, "we will, with your permission, Sir Ralph, take our leave. At what hour shall I wait upon you?"

"At twelve," said Sir Ralph, and the two gentlemen were dismissed.

Sir Ralph returned to the drawing-room.

Lilian was seated by the open window watching the crimson glory of the falling sun, her face quiet and grave enough now with a dreamy, far-away look in the sweet dark eyes.

As her father's footsteps sounded on the marble hall she glided to the piano and commenced the refrain of an old-fashioned air which ranked amongst her favourites.

It was a simple, taking strain that would raise tears or a laugh as the humour inclined and ran to some old-world verses on love's uncertainties very appropriately.

Her soft, full voice was chanting the refrain:

"Then wist not he nor wist not she
That love was stealing,
Stealing, stealing!"

Sir Ralph came and leant near the piano till the song was sung, his hand caressing one glorious tress of golden hair that had half escaped from its yellow bands.

"Well, Lily," he said, "what do you say to your new tutor? Yes or no?"

She kept her fingers on the keys and they strayed into the tune again.

"Yes, papa," she said, "if you like him."

Sir Ralph smiled assentingly, and neither, fully engrossed by their love, noticed that the stone-like

figure of Miss Lucas was leaning forward with its pale face inclined to catch the question and its answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Silent his duty grapples
And silently o'ercomes it. *Butler.*

On the morrow after the interview with Mr. Clifford Mr. Packer walked over to Rivershall to learn Sir Ralph's decision with regard to his protégé, and was greatly pleased to find it favourable.

"I am glad, Sir Ralph," he said, "you have decided to engage him. He is very quiet, clever and gentlemanly, and, I think, will be an acquisition."

Sir Ralph hoped he would, and was pleased to say that he liked his appearance.

"Pray how soon shall I tell him that he will be expected to commence the engagement, Sir Ralph?" asked Mr. Packer.

"As soon as he pleases," replied the baronet. "To-day, if he likes, or next week. Pray let him suit himself in that respect."

Mr. Packer bowed, drank a glass of the old port, left his respects for Miss Lily and her estimable governess, Miss Lucas, and departed.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. Clifford was announced.

Sir Ralph went to him in the library.

"You have decided to take up your abode at Rivershall to-day then," he said, in his stately but not unkind manner.

"Yes, Sir Ralph," replied the tutor, in his quiet but reserved way; "that is, if perfectly agreeable and convenient to you."

"Oh, quite," said Sir Ralph.

"I had nothing—I mean no employment or engagement—to prevent me commencing my new duties here, and Mr. Packer offered to despatch my portmanteau," added Mr. Clifford.

Sir Ralph nodded.

"I see," he said. "Quite unnecessary to return to town in that case. I will ring for the housekeeper to show you your apartments. I need scarcely say that Miss Melville will hold you free to-day. The grounds may repay an inspection. Pray use them and all else without restraint."

The tutor thanked Sir Ralph with respectful gravity, and followed Mrs. Walker, the housekeeper, who appeared to show him his apartments.

Mrs. Walker was one of the old school. She took as much pride in the grand old house and its belongings as if they were her own.

Mrs. Walker, like most of her class, was observant, quick in her likes and dislikes, and as she paused on the broad stair to recover a small quantity of breath she took a good look at the dark, handsome face of the new "tooter," and liked him there and then.

"It wasn't his good looks," as she said to Mr. Parker in a confidential chat in the still-room, "though they were handsome enough, but a something about his eyes and mouth; not exactly melancholy, but sad and regretful like, as if he'd seen a lot of trouble, but was determined not to show it. He's young, too—younger than he looks at first sight, and a gentleman; any one can see that."

Seeing her stop, he stepped up to her and offered his arm, not in a condescending, but in a gentle, respectful manner that completed Mrs. Walker's conquest.

"Thank you, sir," she said, gratefully. "I'm not so young as I was—which ain't to be expected—and the stairs do try me."

"Yes," he said, gently, "there are very many of them and they are very broad."

"Yes," she admitted, with pride, "they are the finest stairs in England. They do say as the Cavaliers in King Charles's time—that's his portrait on the painted window—used to ride up 'em three abreast."

"Likely enough," said Mr. Clifford, quietly, stopping in the broad corridor to look at the row of family portraits which ran along the length of it, and was supported by as long a line of figures in armour.

"They are the family pictures," said Mrs. Walker, glad of an opportunity. "That's Sir Henry, King Henry's time. He was a warrior—you can see his battle-axe. That one there, the dark one in a velvet gown, was a councillor of Queen Elizabeth. The next was Sir Blois, another warrior; that one's the clergyman, a bishop. Then there's Lady Anne, maid of honour to Queen Charlotte; Lady Mary, Lady Elizabeth—and so on; Mr. Clifford listening with grave attention to the long list and outlines of its history.

Walking along slowly thus they reached the end of the corridor, where Mrs. Walker stopped in her description before two portraits with a vacant space between as if some picture had been removed. The last portrait was Sir Ralph's.

"And the other," said Mrs. Walker, with a sigh, "was poor Sir William."

"Why do you pity him?" asked Mr. Clifford, his gaze fixed upon the portrait.

"He's dead," said the housekeeper. "He was Sir Ralph's eldest brother, and, of course, Miss Lilian's uncle. They say she's very like him; but I can't say that I see it. There's the only one of the family she resembles, that lady there!" And Mrs. Walker pointed to Lady Anne, the beauty of the family, adding, "Lady Anne was the most beautiful woman in England, and Miss Lilian's the image of her."

Mr. Clifford went to look at the beauty, and then returned to the vacant space.

The housekeeper noticed his questioning look, but only said, and that with a reserved air:

"Portrait of Sir William's wife—removed," and walked on.

With a lingering look at the last two of a long line Mr. Clifford walked on.

At the extreme end of the corridor Mrs. Walker stopped and opened a door.

"Walk in, sir, please," she said. "These are the rooms, and I hope you will like them."

The tutor stepped in and looked round.

There were two rooms, bedroom and sitting-room. They were not large, but beautifully furnished, with a quiet elegance and comfort peculiar to all Rivershall: a handsome carpet, some choice pictures and an antique but empty bookshelf. The bed-chamber was luxurious. Both rooms looked on to the park, which, with the river glittering through it, made a delightful view.

The tutor flushed, and turned with surprise.

"Have you not made some mistake?" he said. "Are these for me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the housekeeper, wondering whether the question was prompted by pleasure or dissatisfaction. "If you would rather have a larger and loftier room, Sir Ralph said I was to get one of the suites in the north corridor prepared; but these have the best view."

He put up his hand with a gesture.

"You misunderstand me," he said, in a low tone. "These seemed too rich and too good—that is all."

"I'm glad you think them comfortable, sir," said Mrs. Walker. "If there's anything you'd like done or altered, Sir Ralph wished me to tell you that it should be done."

"They are more than I expected or desire," said Mr. Clifford.

"And the bell is here, sir. Please to ring for everything you want. My niece will wait upon you."

And with a housekeeperlike review of the apartment Mrs. Walker disappeared.

The tutor walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the park for full five minutes, his hand thrust within his breast, his head drooping.

Then he turned and looked round the room, a smile strangely sad but very sweet upon his face.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," he murmured. "But let me be guarded against their danger. Poverty will seem doubly hard after this—I must not forget that."

Mr. Clifford found the grounds as beautiful and exquisitely cared for as the house. There seemed to be no end to them: shrubbery on shrubbery, rosary after rosary, lawn extending to park, and after that a pasturage worthy of an Arab chief, with grand old oaks and elms in which a black republic of rooks caved in council seriously, thick gables and glades with the light flashes of frightened deer, and innumerable lodges, cottages and stables nesting in nooks about the whole.

Everything was there that proclaimed wealth and old nobility.

The tutor wandered about all these through the day, admiring and enjoying in his quiet way the grandeur and beauty of the place, stopping sometimes to pat a curly-headed child or exchange a good morning with a gardener or groom, but always with the grave, half-sad face and reserved air.

He seemed given to dreaming, for the striking of a stable clock startled him with the information that it was six o'clock, and reminded him that the dinner hour was seven and that he was some little distance from the house.

He was on the point of retracing his steps through a long avenue down which he had strayed almost unconsciously when he caught the glimmer of white muslin coming through the trees and stopped, looking round for some other way. Before he could discover any, however, the muslin dress came into the path and the wearer was in sight.

Mr. Clifford made as if he would still turn off between the trees, but was prevented by the sudden appearance of a huge mastiff, who, after pausing for one instant beside his mistress to regard the stranger, made a rush at him, growling ominously. It was a big dog and warranted some alarm, but the tutor was neither frightened nor discomposed and with a few quiet words patted the huge head fearlessly.

His mistress, hurrying up to within speaking distance, commenced calling:

"Don! Don! Come here, sir!" adding as she

reached the spot where the two were standing. "Don't be afraid, Mr. Clifford!"

Mr. Clifford lifted his hat, still patting the dog, and turned his grave face with its sad smile to the beautiful girl.

"I am not afraid," he said. "He is a splendid fellow."

"Yes," she said, touching the mastiff with her dainty parasol as he slipped down full length at her feet. "He is a fine dog, is Don, but very wild and fierce. I was afraid that he would make himself disagreeable. He does sometimes with strangers."

"Yes?" said Mr. Clifford. "He was very gracious this morning. Dogs are seldom cross with me."

"You like them?" said Lillian, quickly.

He inclined his head.

"Ah, that makes the difference," she said. "They like those who like them; dogs always know."

"No doubt," he said.

There was a slight pause, broken by Mr. Clifford.

"I was looking for a short cut to the house, Miss Melville."

"Oh, yes," she said. "There is a gate a little farther on. I came through it a few minutes since. The path will lead to the shrubbery."

"I thank you," he said, and lifting his hat walked on.

Don rose, shook himself, and looked after him with calm curiosity, then followed his mistress.

He found on arriving at his room a luncheon laid, and Mrs. Walker appeared five minutes afterwards in a state of anxiety.

"Dear me, sir," she said, looking greatly troubled, "have you had your lunch?"

"No," he said, thinking perhaps he had better say yes.

"Nothing to eat since you came?" exclaimed Mrs. Walker, alarmed.

"No," he said. "I did not require it. I forgot it. Please do not look so sorry, I should have had it had I thought of it."

"Why, bless me, sir, you mustn't go so long without food!" she replied, quite shocked. "You'll be ill."

He shook his head.

"I think not," he said, quietly. "I do not eat so often as most people. But I thank you very much;" and he waved his hand slightly to the well-spread table.

Mrs. Walker shook her head.

"There'll be luncheon laid at two o'clock for you every day, sir, whether you eat it or not, but I do hope you will. It stands to reason that no one can live without eating, let them be as clever as they may;" and she dropped a respectful courtesy. "You know dinner is at seven?"

"Yes, thank you," he said.

"And Sir Ralph wished me to tell you that he should like to see you at dinner always, but if you preferred it you were not to mind ordering it in your own room at any time."

"Sir Ralph is very kind," said Mr. Clifford. "I will avail myself of his considerate offer. May I dine here alone after to-night?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Walker. "I will see that you have everything comfortable, sir."

His small portmanteau had arrived from the inn, and he dressed for dinner. In any attire he would have been pronounced a gentleman, in evening dress he looked almost aristocratic.

So thought Sir Ralph as he looked up from his book as Mr. Clifford entered the drawing-room and stood before a picture in an easy yet dignified attitude.

"I hope you have had a pleasant stroll," said Sir Ralph.

"A very pleasant one," said Mr. Clifford, respectfully. "The grounds are extremely beautiful—more beautiful than I ever imagined anything could be."

There was such an earnestness in the quiet, well-bred tone that Sir Ralph was pleased.

"I am pleased to hear you, a foreigner, say so," he said. "Rivershall is well placed. By the way Mrs. Walker has been greatly distressed on your account. You neglected her luncheon," he added, smiling.

"For which I have asked her pardon," said the tutor, gravely. "I lost all sense of time in my ramble, and was only warned by the striking of a clock."

"Do you admire that picture—have you a taste for the painter's art?" asked Sir Ralph.

"I worship from a distance," said the tutor, adding, respectfully, "It is a fine specimen, a Canaletti, I believe."

"Yes," said Sir Ralph. "You are right. It is. There is a fine picture," and he pointed to a small one on the opposite wall.

The opening of the door and the entrance of Lillian and her governess stopped the inspection.

Miss Lucas returned the tutor's bow with a profound courtesy and glided in her noiseless way to her accustomed chair.

Sir Ralph, seeing that Lillian took no notice of Mr. Clifford, looked towards him and half pronounced his name.

Lillian nodded.

"Mr. Clifford and I have already said good morning, papa," she explained. "Are you not tired with your long walk, Mr. Clifford?"

"No," he replied. "It was too beautiful a one to allow of weariness."

"I met Mr. Clifford in the avenue," she said, seating herself upon a low chair by Sir Ralph. "Don made one of his stupid rushes, and I was afraid he would alarm Mr. Clifford, but strangely enough he was very amiable and made friends."

"Which Miss Melville was good enough to account for by mutual sympathy," said the tutor, with respectful composure.

"Ay, ay," said Sir Ralph. "Dogs despise fear and admire courage. Perhaps you did not show any alarm?"

The tutor made no answer and dinner was announced.

Sir Ralph took in Lillian.

Mr. Clifford offered the silent, expressionless Miss Lucas his arm.

"I hope you like your rooms?" said Sir Ralph, graciously, as the soup was removed.

"They are everything I could wish, thank you, sir," was the reply.

"The book-case is empty," continued the baronet.

"I requested Mrs. Walker to clear it. I beg you will fill it from the library with a selection of your own."

"I thank you, sir," said the tutor, with earnest gravity.

"Of course," said Sir Ralph, "the library also is at your service. I think you had better take that as a study, Lillian," he said, turning to Lily who sat beside him and seemed wrapt in him to the exclusion of the other two.

"Very well, papa."

"And when do you intend commencing your Italian?" asked Sir Ralph.

"As soon as Mr. Clifford pleases," she answered, glancing at the tutor.

Mr. Clifford bowed.

"I await Miss Melville's commands," he replied, looking towards Sir Ralph.

"Then—to-morrow," said Lillian.

The dinner was got through with very little more talking, and at its close Mr. Clifford rose to open the door for the ladies retiring.

As on the preceding night he drank no wine, and, when Sir Ralph rose to join his daughter in the drawing-room, quietly returned to his own room.

So ended the first day.

On the morrow at ten he was waiting in the library for his fair pupil.

He waited ten minutes before she entered followed by the silent, shadow-like companion.

"I am afraid I am late, Mr. Clifford," she said, seating herself at the table.

He inclined his head, replying with his unchangeable gravity and respect:

"I am at your service, madam, at all times."

The books, an Italian grammar and elementary course, were produced and the lesson commenced.

Two things were noticeable.

First, that the pupil was quick to learn, but impatient and eager.

Secondly, that the master was quick and able to teach, but very patient.

No exclamation of annoyance at her stupidity which escaped her moved him in the slightest. His gravity and dignified air of respect wrapped him like a garment.

He explained the rules, illustrated the pronunciation, and went through the lesson with the calm, composed earnestness which distinguished his every sentence.

The figure in the chair beside them, with its everlasting, never-to-be-finished embroidery, could not have been more impassable and immovable.

The lesson was finished and the pupil rose.

"I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble," she said, gently, looking at him with a rueful expression on her beautiful face.

He shook his head, confronting her gaze with his clear, cold glance.

"I think not; I am sure not," he said.

"Ah," she said, laughing musically, "I fear you will have need to exercise the virtue of patience. I shall try it severely, Mr. Clifford, I know."

"No," he said, quietly rising to open the door for them. "I think not."

That day, as he had arranged, the tutor dined in his apartment alone. On the morrow and day after day the same routine was gone through: a lesson at ten, during which the pupil displayed quickness and impatience of herself, the master grave earnestness and patience, while the silent looker on remained an immovable impassability.

The rest of the day was spent by Sir Ralph and his beloved daughter in riding or driving, by the tutor in solitary walks around the estate or a no less solitary reading and studying within his own apartments.

As for Miss Lucas she went her course in so stealthy and noiseless a way that it would be difficult to catalogue her doings or whereabouts.

Sometimes she walked with her beautiful charge, sometimes sat in the open carriage or in the stern of the skiff, in which the old gardener was wont to row his young mistress up the stream. But in any or either case the embroidery was always an accompaniment, and a screen from which the colourless, lack-lustre eyes could survey and note all things.

The days wore on to weeks and Lillian grew thoughtful.

Her tutor puzzled her.

Lillian was not a romantic girl. Ninety-nine out of a hundred beautiful girls in her position would have fallen in love with such a handsome tutor.

But not Lillian. Sir Ralph knew her too well to fear for a moment any ill consequences from the connection.

He knew how deep a stratum of pride there was in the formation of his darling's character too well to dread anything of a love passage between her and the handsomest tutor in Christendom.

Lillian was no broad-and-butter school girl to fall in love with her music master, she knew her position too well, had too high an esteem for the long line of which she was the last to commit any indiscretion of that sort, and Sir Ralph could puzzle her.

But still Mr. Clarence Clifford trusted her and—it must be written—annoyed her.

His respectful reserve bordered, so she told herself, upon the impertinent.

"Why does not Mr. Clifford dine with us sometimes, papa?" she had asked towards the end of the first fortnight.

Sir Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sure I do not know," said Sir Ralph. "He is very reserved. Perhaps he does not like company, prefers solitude."

"Mr. Clifford is a singular young man," said Miss Lucas, her usual remark when he was the subject of conversation.

Sir Ralph raised his eyebrows with stately indifference.

"He is a good Italian scholar, madam, I presume, and does his duty?"

"Certainly, he does his duty," assented the governess, with slow, colourless distinctness.

"Does his duty! Yes, and so does the clock, but one gets annoyed with an everlasting, never-changing tick. No, that is not it either," said Lillian, laughing. "He does not tick always alike, but he is always too correct, too immovable. Papa, you don't know how patient he is! I make the most stupid blunders, the most awful mistakes, give him the most unnecessary trouble, and he never changes. 'I think you are wrong there, Miss Melville, it should be this,' is all he says, and goes over the ground again with the most perfect patience and earnestness."

"Well, all that is to his credit," said Sir Ralph, approvingly.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Lillian, "but you cannot tell, papa, dear, how annoying it is. If he would but get out of temper sometimes, show a little impatience, or at least correct me for showing mine, it would be a relief. But he will not. Nothing moves him, and at the end of the lesson, when I am hot and all in a fever, he rises, and opens the doors as calm and self-possessed as when he entered."

Sir Ralph smiled.

"Still all to his credit, my dear Lily. Do you not think so, madam?"

"Certainly, Sir Ralph," replied the monotonous voice. "Certainly."

"Then," continued Lily, "one never sees anything of him. He disappears all day, save the lesson time. You never meet him in the grounds, or about the house."

Sir Ralph frowned.

"Do you wish to meet him?"

"No, indeed," laughed Lillian, meeting his gaze with clear eyes. "I don't like him, papa—no, I don't mean that, but he annoys me. Why," she continued, after a moment's pause, "there is another thing. He has won Don away from me."

"Won Don away from you," repeated Sir Ralph, astonished. "What do you mean, my dear Lily?"

"Yes, he has, papa," she said, laughing half with vexation. "Don follows him everywhere, he leaves me immediately he sees Mr. Clifford, and all the calling in the world will not bring him back. Oh, he is quite a favourite with everybody. Mrs. Walker is always talking about him. He is everything that is gentle and good. If any of the servants enter the corridor by his room they are hushed into silence and tip-toe for fear of disturbing Mr. Clifford. She

is in a fever of anxiety if he is not in at luncheon time, and in a greater fever if he is out in a shower of rain. Look, papa, there goes Thompson with a bouquet. I am certain that is going up to his room."

And, to make assurance doubly sure, she rose and opened the French casement to ask the man where he was taking the nosegay.

"To Mr. Clifford, miss," replied the gardener. "There!" she said, triumphantly, as she resumed her seat.

"Well," said Sir Ralph, "I see nothing to complain of, Lily. Mr. Clifford is a good tutor, and—ahem! keeps his place by your own showing. No, I see nothing, really, to complain of."

"No, no, papa," said the beautiful girl, "nor I either. He is perfect. Alas, that perfection should necessarily be so aggravating!"

The subject was dropped for that time, but afterwards in the drawing-room Sir Ralph in an undertone asked Lillian if she was tired of her Italian lessons and would like to be rid of her tutor.

"No, no, papa," she said, earnestly. "I should be very sorry not to continue. I was only half serious. Mr. Clifford is a very good master."

Meanwhile the subject of her criticism was pacing silently up and down the picture gallery, his handsome face drooped upon his breast, his hands crossed behind him, his sad, wistful eyes fixed upon the polished floor and looking far beyond the present into the dim past. Even as she declared him too patient, too dovelike and immovable, he was stopping and gazing at the picture of her kinswoman, Lady Anne, and murmuring, with flushed face and quivering lips: "Too beautiful! too beautiful!"

(To be continued.)

A MEMORIAL tablet is about to be placed in the house in King Street, Covent Garden, in which Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," was born.

MARRIAGES ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS.—The following important circular has recently been issued from the Admiralty:—"Several instances having recently occurred of marriages having been performed on board Her Majesty's ships on foreign stations by the commanding officer, no chaplain or consul being in the neighbourhood, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty referred the question of the validity of such marriages to the law officers of the Crown. As the law officers have given their opinion that marriages solemnized under the circumstances stated above are not valid, their lordships are pleased to direct that no marriage shall in future be solemnized on board one of Her Majesty's ships by the commanding officer."

SMALL BY DEGREES.—Of Anna Deslions, a lady lately deceased, the French papers tell the following story. One day, at the Hôtel des Ventes, she took a fancy to a landscape by Carat, which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself she was frightened into selling it for 16,000, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon her acquaintance said she had been robbed, and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. That evening the bracelet was exchanged for a pair of earrings, at a loss of 3,000 francs. When returning from the jewellers she saw a miniature chalet in the window of a toyshop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later the earrings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,500 francs resulting from their sale she purchased a chalet at Interlaken. A clock played the quadrille from Orphée. "Vive Paris!" the lady cried, "there is no place like Paris!" The chalet was sold for 5,000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 500 francs, a price they fetched when sold at the Hôtel des Ventes fifteen months after.

INTERESTING TO ANTIQUARIANS.—A discovery of interest to antiquarians has been made at Athens. Some years ago a rich Greek, by name Zeppa, died in Wallachia, bequeathing a large sum of money for the revival of the Olympian games, which were to be adapted to the requirements of modern society and civilization. After much controversy it was decided to erect an institution for this purpose in the large plot of land lying between the Palace Gardens and the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. About twelve years since several patches of mosaic of the Roman period, and some walls built of common stone and mortar, and of an apparently modern period, were accidentally unearthed at this spot; but their nature was not such as to excite farther excavations. Lately, however, while levelling the land for the site of the Olympian Exhibition building, the workmen found more remains of ancient constructions; and, after a few cart-loads of earth had been removed the trunks of two statues larger than life were discovered. The statues were lying at a depth of only four feet at a spot

where the ground rises gently into an almost imperceptible hillock—one is of a male, and the other of a female figure, and both are evidently of the Roman epoch. Their hands and arms are missing, but enough remains of them to determine the deities represented. These are Æsculapius and Hygeia. The legs of Æsculapius were found broken off, also three fragments of the arm of Hygeia, holding a cup, into which the serpent descending from her left shoulder dips its head. Of this serpent five pieces also have been dug up. Greece is more fortunate than England, inasmuch as most of her statues are buried under ground, and are, besides, presentable enough when exhumed. We may imagine the shock the nerves of posterity will receive when, on making excavations in Waterloo Place, the remains of the Duke of York's statue are discovered, with the lightning-conductor out from the top of his royal highness's head.

A HARVEST VISION.

WHEN the long bright scythes in the sunshine
flame,
And the ground is strewn with the cradled
grain,
My heart strains back over hard-won fame,
And I seem a free, bright boy again.
Again I gather the golden sheaves,
With a girl's fair hands to help and trim,
And again my soul new joy receives
From the glance of eyes that have long been
dim.

I see her now as she stood of old—
Another Ruth in the ripening corn—
With the sunshine crowning her locks of
gold,
And her young face fair as the dew-eyed
morn.

And a glory of innocence lingering there,
From the crown of her head to her dainty
feet,
A meek, soft, luminous saintly air
That made her beauty more pure and
sweet.

She put you in mind of a violet,
Or lily of valley so bright and arch,
Or of trailing arbutus, so holly set
Under the snows in the flurries of March.
I see her again out there in the fields,
Where the farm-girls labour so merrily;
But no! not one of them out there wilds
Fork or rake with such grace as she.
But the vision fades; and bright Elaine,
The girl of my heart in those amber days,
Flies like a shadow across the grain;
And only the sun on the bright scythes
plays.

N. D. U.

CAPTURE OF A STURGEON.—A few days ago a sturgeon was reported to be in the Ouse at Hemingford Grey, near St. Ives, having been seen by various persons fishing in the river, between that place and Swavesey. Captain Douglas accordingly organized a party to drag the part of the river where it was last seen, and it was taken, measuring 7 ft. 2 in., and weighing 98 lb. The "royal fish" was not sent to Windsor or Balmoral, but was cut up and divided among the people living in the neighbourhood.

RELICS.—The custodian of what had been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carrying away a few straws as a relic, "They will do it; I've stuffed it six times already since the general left; and it is commonly observed that the "Royal George" and "Napoleon's Willow" must have possessed a wonderful power of "reconstruction." A correspondent relates that upon the occasion of the late pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial no fewer than 6,000 pilgrims helped themselves to a twig from the small thicket of nut trees surrounding the statue of the "Blessed."

FROM SEPTEMBER CHEESE FAIR.—This fair was held on the site of the proposed new cattle market at Frome, and was decidedly the largest cheese market which has taken place in the town. An unusually large quantity of cheese—variously estimated at from 200 to 240 tons—was pitched. There was a decided falling off in the number of dealers from a distance. Prices as a whole were below those obtained at the recent cheese market at Chippingham. Cheddars, 70s. to 78s., a few fine parcels only realizing 80s., doubles 58s. to 66s., Somersets 64s. to 72s., loaves 72s. to 76s., thins 56s. to 64s. Skims a very few on offer—20s. to 30s.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.—As London extends its lines of bricks and mortar anything that helps us to realize the changes that occur is of interest. An instance may be seen in a painting purchased from Sir Hesketh Fleetwood's collection in Brighton. It

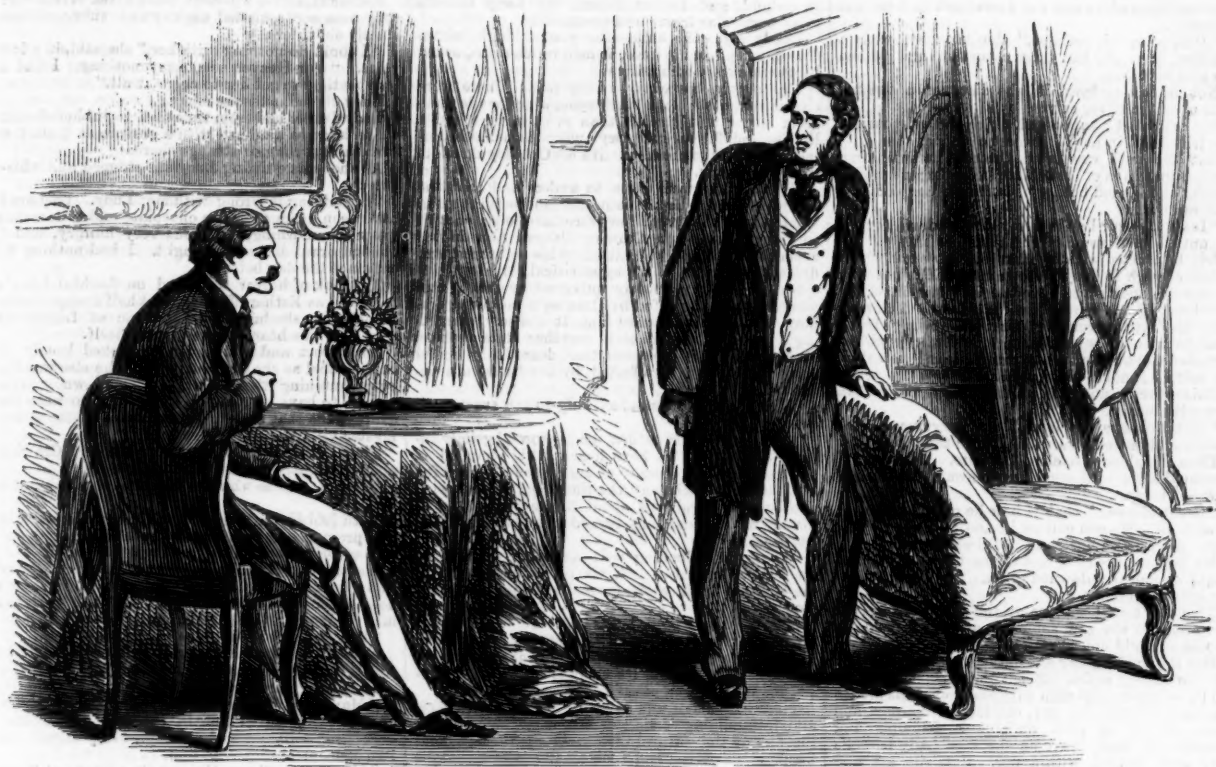
is by John Glover, and is a view before a house was built of the Regent's Park, St. John's Wood, and Primrose Hill, taken from near where the Swiss Cottage now stands. In the distance are two or three houses in the circle of the Park, and Marylebone Church in the New Road. The whole is meadow land, with haymakers at work. It is said to have been painted about 1816, when Glover lived in Montague Square. The picture is at the South Kensington Museum, and belongs to Mr. Wakeling.

DEATH OF THE CHIEF GARDENER OF PARIS.—The death is announced of M. Barillet-Deschamps, chief gardener of Paris. He it was who prepared the triumphal arch at Bordeaux, to which such an amusing accident happened when Louis Napoleon went to that city to say that the Empire was peace. A crown of flowers with this inscription—"Il l'a bien mérité," (He has deserved it) was to have descended on the head of the President of the Republic as he rode underneath, but a gust of wind disarranged the machinery, and the cord and inscription without flowers alone fell.

A NONCONFORMIST CLERGYMAN.—Unst, one of the Shetland Islands, and the Ultima Thule of the group, has for its Free Church minister probably the most aged clergyman in Christendom. This venerable man, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, is now in his 98th year, and he attended a Sunday-school fête in the island a few days ago, and addressed the children on the occasion. The doctor, though his years number within two of a hundred, is in good bodily health, and has no appearance of the decrepitude of age about him. His voice is still full and strong. Last year his portrait, painted by Mr. Otto Leyde, was presented to the Free Church of Scotland, and was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition last spring. It is now in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. Dr. Ingram was inducted in 1803.

PLAINTS AND IMPRISONMENTS.—A return obtained by Mr. Bass has been issued from the County Courts in England and Wales of certain particulars relative to complaints and imprisonments connected with the recent report on imprisonment for debt. The number of complaints entered last year in the 59 circuits was 900,763; the number entered for sums exceeding 40s. was 307,823; the number entered for sums exceeding 5s. and not exceeding 40s. 525,523; entered for sums exceeding 1s. and not exceeding 5s. the number was 66,064; and entered for sums not exceeding 1s. there were 1,358. There were 6,993 persons imprisoned last year, of whom 3,297 were committed, default having been made for sums exceeding 40s.; 3,670 where the sums exceeded 5s. and not 40s., and 26 where the sums exceeded 1s. and not 5s. There were no commitments for sums which did not exceed 1s.

DISAPPEARANCE OF SHINGLE AT DOVER.—A great deal of apprehension has recently been aroused at Dover by the continued decrease of the shingle in St. Margaret's Bay there, and by the severe damage to lands and buildings which the inroads of the sea seem in consequence to threaten. The beach at the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff has been so completely denuded of shingle that, as our readers will remember, two considerable falls of chalk occurred there during the past winter; indeed, the cliff in falling has thrown down a portion of the revetment wall, opposite to the mouth of the tunnel. It had been conjectured that this diminution of shingle and the undermining of the chalk-cliffs which has resulted therefrom were due to an alteration in the action of the sea currents, occasioned by the extension of the Government Pier at Dover. The Board of Trade have recently employed an eminent engineer to investigate this matter, and his report shows not only that the above supposition is a groundless one, but that at least an equal amount of lcas of beach has taken place along the coast, generally between Dover and Folkestone, and probably for some distance farther westward still. Sir John Coode—for he it was who conducted the examination—concludes that the disappearance of the shingle is really due to the remarkable accumulation of beach and consequent projection of the land towards the south-east of Dungeness Point. The movements of shingle, he says, are very little affected by tidal currents in any case, and in most instances not at all; but as to the projection of the coast line seaward, about Dungeness, it appears that from 1792 to 1850 that point has been advanced 530 feet, or at the rate of nine feet per annum; while from 1850 to 1871 the gain was 280 feet, or from thirteen to fourteen feet a year. The net result of this operation is the stoppage of a vast and progressively increasing mass of shingle at Dungeness, in quantity sufficient to account for the continuous decrease along the coast to the eastward. In 1862 a Coastguard Station consisting of fourteen houses was erected near Folkestone, and it stood at that time fifty yards back from the top edge of the cliff and 100 yards from the foot. So rapid was the waste of the cliff that these buildings were vacated in 1866 and were taken down in 1867 to prevent their falling into the sea.



[A RANDOM SHOT.]

WHO IS HE?

By the Author of "Lord Dane's Error," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift. Wordsworth.

ISABEL stood with her hands against the door, stunned for the moment by the awfulness of the blow.

She was of too stormy and passionate a nature to remain thus overcome long.

She turned about presently, and went to look from the window that was not fastened. The lower part swung on hinges at each lattice. She pushed one open and leaned out.

There was a large rose garden below, but the bushes were nearly leafless now. A man at the lower end was raking a walk clear of rubbish.

Lady Isabel's face lighted.

She called to him.

He came toward her.

He was almost there, when a window below hers opened, and Crawley appeared, and said something in a low voice. The man immediately turned about and went back to his work.

It was in vain that Lady Isabel called and commanded him. He was her own servant, hired and paid by her, and faithful enough till now.

Now he gave no heed to her, but worked as if he never heard her. He did steal now and then a furtive look of wonder and pity toward her, but she was too far away to know that.

"Heavens! am I myself? Is this I, Isabel Champion?" murmured she, looking wildly about her. "Is it I who am defied and outraged in this manner? Is that man a sorcerer? He has only to speak, to look at one of my own servants and they become deaf to my voice. Can they all believe him to be Maurice? There is one who does not. Digby knows he is not. If I could only see him one moment—if I knew where my Hugh is. They dare not harm him—oh, they dare not—and yet how strange Sir Robert looked when he said that only our two lives, my baby's and mine, were between his wife and my wealth."

She had eaten nothing since breakfast. Nothing was taken to her till night.

Sir Robert would have sent her a tray of food at one o'clock, but Crawley objected.

"She is a lioness from whom you have taken her young. She will get out if you open her door an instant. She is capable of stabbing one of us with a pair of scissors. Oh, I know her kind. Let her alone, Sir Robert, till her heart begins to eat itself."

"But you don't mean to starve her? We must

keep a show of fairness on our side," remonstrated Sir Robert.

"Humph, who is to know? Make some speech before the servants to the effect that she refuses food. It will only confirm the opinion they have of her. How is the child?"

"Savage as ever. Fights like a young Indian, till he can struggle no longer for weakness, and then the moment he is rested begins again."

"Curse him."

Sir Robert's face clouded.

"He is a brave boy. I wish he were my son. I have only girls you know."

Crawley stared in open contempt and surprise.

"You," he sneered. "Upon my honour, I didn't know you cared for anything but money."

"I do. I don't want money, only for my children. Failing this property of Isabel's, and if I have no son, the baronetcy goes from my family, and my girls will be left portionless."

Crawley laughed in his coarse, disagreeable way again.

"I wish you could adopt me, my bold baronet," he said. "Couldn't you get up another hoax as clever as this one, if this should fail—something about a former marriage perhaps?"

To Crawley's astonishment the baronet's face turned suddenly of a ghastly pallor, and with a muttered ejaculation he left his chair and went across the room. He came back presently, looking much like himself again, but he avoided meeting Crawley's eyes.

"I should like to know what this means?" queried the impostor, inwardly. "Our good baronet don't turn like that for trifles. What was it I was saying?"

He pondered the matter unsatisfactorily some moments, returning to it afterward again and again, but with the same result.

He could not even form a suspicion as to why Sir Robert had turned death-white when he made that sneering speech of his.

"One thing," he said to himself, "he hates me, though he uses me, but he knows better than to fall out with me."

He muttered an oath.

"It would be the making of my lady, though. 'when rogues fall out honest folks get their due!' I've heard."

"Till her heart begins to eat itself," that infamous Crawley had said to Sir Robert, with a sneer, and the baronet, though he had really some manly instincts, consented reluctantly to his low-bred confederate's cruel course. The baronet himself had not scrupled in the case of that knightly and unhappy gentleman—lost Maurice—to resort to similar

measures, but this was a woman, a lovely and lofty patrician lady, one of whom he had stood in some awe, and been proud of perhaps as a relative while he envied and hated her.

The chivalric instinct in his nature which he had not been able wholly to strangle cried out against such barbarous treatment.

Nevertheless he had set his mind on proud Lady Isabel's inheritance, and he was bound to take any course that led to securing it.

The day wore on.

My lady's agony had not been so hard to bear as now, even when her worshipped young husband was so cruelly torn from her, for then she was not shut into inaction by walls and locked doors. She could send men to scour the woods and drag the lake and patrol the sand beach toward which her lost one had last been seen going.

All was different now.

She might clench her lovely hands till the rose-nails pierced the flesh. She might call and command and entreat. No one would come, no one would answer her wild pleadings to know what had become of her boy.

She pictured him in all sorts of dreadful peril. So well she knew what advantage his death and hers would be to false and wicked Sir Robert that she could not by any means persuade herself that he was in safety now.

"It would be so easy," she thought, "to drown him in the lake, or to drop him off a high wall and break his pretty neck, and who could prove it was not an accident? Ah! my darling, you and I are in terrible danger, from which, I fear, Heaven will not soon deliver us."

She went and stood beside the door which was locked, watching for hours silently, ready to spring and fasten her white fingers upon it if it opened ever so little.

"They won't let me starve," she said to herself; "some one must come ere long to bring me food, and then it shall go hard but I will elude them somehow and get out of this room."

Some one did come at last, but it was not till after midnight when my lady had withdrawn a little from the door.

Some one outside the door had been listening as watchfully as she on the inside.

The door had been opened enough to thrust in something and instantly closed and relocked.

Lady Isabel sprang forward and stopped with a cry of despair as she heard the cruel bolt slip back to its place.

A tray of food was on the floor, a scanty and plain repast for a lady like her, but after the first turning from it in her anguish the claims of hunger

asserted themselves and she came back to it and ate eagerly.

"It is poisoned, perhaps," she thought, with a shudder, when she had eaten a portion and pushed the rest from her.

Not till that moment did she discover a twisted note upon the silver salver.

She caught at it eagerly, thinking she had possibly one friend left in her old ancestral home.

But the note was from Crawley, written in a curious imitation of lost Maurice's elegant chirography and signed boldly "Maurice Champion."

It ran thus:

"ISABEL.—Our boy is in my care, and will remain so until I have some proof that his mother can safely be trusted with his charge. A woman who is insane enough to deny her own husband is not in a fit mental condition to have the supervision of the well-being of the heir of Kirston Wold. You need have no fears concerning our son. Young Hugh shall be my own especial charge, and who could be expected to have a personal and proper interest in his welfare if not I, his own father?"

This sneering note turned Lady Isabel colder than ever with horror.

"In his charge, my lamb," she murmured. "A wolf would indeed be a safer keeper than he."

Then she glanced back at the note. Her terrified eye caught the fatal word her persecutor had underlined—"insane."

"Great Heaven! that is how he means to be rid of us both. He will call me insane and murder my boy. Ah, what a dark and awful plot is this!"

My lady endured the rest of the time as best she might till morning dawned again. She did not close her eyes in slumber.

Then she took her place at the window, resolved to watch till she saw some one and made such an appeal as could not be resisted.

But the liveliest day she only beheld that villain who so falsely called himself Maurice Champion. He paced the rose garden with his cigar in his mouth a great portion of the day, casting at her now and then glances of such malignant triumph and threatening that, brave as she was, Lady Isabel's very soul quailed within her. But she sat and watched him with dark, defiant eyes, as unmoved outwardly as though she had been carved from stone.

Thus passed the second day.

Kirston Wold was less than twelve hours by rail from London. Champion Rest was still nearer. Lady Isabel knew that if her letters had gone safely, and her lawyer and Lord Champion gave the heed to them which she had requested, they would be with her by the following morning at most. That hope sustained her somewhat. But the morning did not bring either. Crawley had kept the letters back, and sent one of his own instead. Afterwards he had sent Lady Isabel's. The lawyer and Lord Champion would not come until the next day to that on which the nearly frenzied lady expected them.

Some time in the latter part of this day she was sitting as usual, watching hopelessly, or nearly so, from her window, when in the grounds, at one side of the rose garden, and quite too far to make him hear, she beheld her darling, her little boy, in company with her cruel enemy. The child was drawing a little wagon, one of his mother's gifts to him, and from that distance seemed to Lady Isabel's torn heart as much infatuated with the false man beside him as the most of her bewitched household.

"Even my boy believes in him," she wailed to herself. "Oh, how horrible all this! When will this spell, this wicked enchantment which seems laid on me be lifted?"

CHAPTER XII.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrained;
The human mind by gentle means is gained.

LORD CHAMPION and Mr. Timothy Shrive made their appearance on the following morning. Lady Calthorpe, Sir Robert's wife, came also, and there was, besides, quite an assembly of the county magnates, male and female, whom Sir Robert had invited, and upon whom the false Maurice Champion contrived, in a marvellously short space, to make a favourable impression.

It is not so difficult for one man to personate another when such an interval has elapsed as in the present case and there are general points of resemblance. There was much more than these in Crawley. It has been already explained how fearfully he was like that unhappy soul, lost Maurice Champion. Added to this, Sir Robert and his wife, Lady Isabel's own relatives, professed not to have a single doubt of his identity. Lord Champion, it is true, looked on him rather suspiciously, but Lord Champion was not a popular man, and it was well known had never liked the true Maurice.

Mr. Timothy Shrive, the lawyer, had examined the case legally, and declared that beyond all controversy this man was the lost Maurice, so long mourned as dead.

Then there were the servants, nearly the whole

household, and Esther Mount, my Lady Isabel's most particular friend and companion.

Lastly came the child—the young Hugh, whom Crawley kept on his knee, or held in his arms, or led by the hand the whole time.

The pretty boy was looking pale. There were circles round his large black eyes, which made them seem larger and blacker than ever, and he had a listless, indifferent look very unlike his usual beaming and sunny expression. He let Crawley do as he would with him.

The company were given to understand that the boy was suffering from his insane mother's inhuman treatment of him, and few were far-seeing enough to detect that when Crawley clasped him in his arms the child only submitted to his embraces, and did not return one of his hypocritical caresses.

On the contrary, nearly universal sympathy and admiration were excited by Crawley's deceitful display of tenderness toward him. It was so "interesting" to see father and child together at last, these stupid said, and "so sad that dear Lady Isabel should have been so affected by her husband's return."

"Has she lost her mind entirely do you suppose?" asked one.

"Is it joy at his return, or sorrow?" grimly inquired another. "I have heard that, secluded as she has lived, and in spite of her pretended grief for her husband, she has all the time been in love with another man, and was about to marry him, when her lawful lord suddenly turned up and spoiled that little game."

Crawley was looking well, as usual—handsome, audacious, self-possessed, his prevailing aspect of malevolence and wickedness less apparent than sometimes.

Sir Robert watched his protégé with secret anxiety. Everything really depended, he believed, on the issue of the present experiment, and the experiment depended for its success on Crawley himself mainly.

That gentleman was so given to slippy speeches, and to indulging in vicious and ungentlemanly acting out of the natural bitterness within him, that his precious patron had good reason to fear that he would manage to betray that he was unlike sunny-tempered and polished Maurice as a prairie wolf is like a grayhound.

The company were assembled in the library, a large and luxurious apartment, with the usual array of carved bookcases faced with plate-glass, and backed by splendidly bound and plainer volumes, and with marble busts and Russia-leather-covered tables and chairs. A room opening from this had been converted into a refreshment saloon, and there a table was spread with as tempting a repast of edibles as that epizure, Sir Robert, could contrive.

Thither sauntered the guests as inclination led, and Sir Robert knew, if his confederate did not, how easily the judgment is affected through the palate.

Later, when all was ripe for that, Esther Mount came in with Lady Isabel.

A sound of sobbing followed her in. It was my lady's maid, who had been kept from her these three days. Lady Isabel stopped and spoke to her, in spite of Esther Mount, who would have hindered her if she could.

"Why did you let them have my boy, Lucy?" my lady questioned of the girl.

"My lady, they told me you wanted us both, and so I went," said the girl, truthfully. "Afterwards I could not go back to you because they would not let me. They told me you would choose that I should stay with your son."

"So I would, Lucy," answered my lady, eagerly. "Guard him with your life. Don't let them kill him, as they will try. Some day he will be in a position to reward you amply for any service you may render him now."

Lucy could only sob in answer. Lady Isabel had changed so terribly in the brief interval since she had seen her that it wrung the faithful girl's heart. Every particle of colour had left that perfect face; even her lips were white, and already there was an attenuated look about the delicate temples, the chiselled features. Grief and anxiety, and perhaps something else, had already begun their ravages upon that daintily reared lady. Added to that, there was a strangeness in Lady Isabel's air, an unnatural sound in her voice, a wildness in her beautiful eyes, that seemed to Lucy too terrible confirmation of those tales which were whispered in the house concerning her ladyship's mind. She observed, with sensation approaching horror, that there was something fantastic about her dress which was altogether unlike the delicate and exquisite taste usually displayed by Lady Isabel.

My lady wore a black dress as usual, dead black, long, sweeping, but in her thickly braided hair was woven a coronal of strange-looking flowers, deadly nightshade, stramonium and the like, and an immense sash of scarlet silk was wound and knotted about her slender waist.

Lucy looked from her lady to Esther Mount.

Esther Mount in a perfect toilet, black velvet with ruby ornaments, smiled slightly and shrugged her stately shoulders.

"I could do nothing with her," she said, in a low voice. "For Heaven's sake say nothing. I had a terrible time to get her to come at all."

Lucy sighed, and was silent.

Lady Isabel had from time to time put her slender white hand to her head with a gesture as if she felt something wrong or strange there.

As she was quitting Lucy she stooped and whispered:

"Something is wrong with me, Lucy. I believe I have been drugged. The chocolate and rolls tasted queer this morning, but I was very hungry, and I ate and drank before I thought. I had nothing to eat since the day before."

The look of horror deepened on faithful Lucy's face, and as Esther Mount at last half dragged Lady Isabel away she burst into a storm of frightened sobs that was heard in the library itself.

Sir Robert and Crawley both looked keenly at Lady Isabel as she entered. Every one else was too busy watching the unhappy woman whom fate seemed to have singled out for misery to note the expressions that stole over the faces of these two master villains.

They exchanged glances presently, and Crawley nodded slightly, as much as to say:

"It is not quite what we would have liked, but it will do."

Both looked approvingly on Esther Mount, who was proving herself a most invaluable ally. A surprise awaited everybody in the child.

Esther and Ingrid before, at the first sight of Lady Isabel young Hugh sprang from Crawley's hold like an arrow from a bow, and fairly leaped into his mother's extended arms.

The two sobbed together.

The boy clung about his mother's neck as if he would never let her go.

The two cried aloud.

"Mamma, I wanted you so," cried young Hugh, and Crawley dared not in the face of all those lookers-on separate them, though every caress was like concentrated gall to him.

"My darling, thank Heaven they have not killed you," cried Lady Isabel, straining him close and devouring his little face with kisses.

"I told you to hold the boy fast when she came in," whispered Sir Robert, in a passion, to his confederate.

Lady Isabel lifted her regal face from her boy's at last.

Strange enough, every one in the room except Crawley, Sir Robert and Esther Mount were crying in sympathy.

Thus much of the advantage they had hoped to gain was lost to Crawley and Sir Robert.

Lady Isabel had come before the court they had appointed to try her, but she had not come quite as the mad-woman they had intended to represent her.

"Mamma," said Hugh, "those are such ugly flowers in your hair. Why do you wear them? They smell so. Ugh!"

My lady kissed him again for answer, and let him pull them out, one by one.

"See if they steal you from me again," she said, aloud.

"Mamma, that bad man says he is my papa, and he beat me," burst forth young Hugh, in a wild storm of hysterical weeping.

Lady Isabel looked around upon the assembly.

They were all familiar faces.

She had gone out very little, but she knew all these faces.

She looked at them slowly, till she came to Lord Champion, a slow, half-bowdlered gaze in which the drugged reason of the wronged woman was struggling desperately to rally itself.

Sir Robert and Crawley scarcely breathed.

Mr. Shrive, the lawyer, who had given my lady a seat, also watched her with keen though suppressed anxiety.

"My lord," said Lady Isabel, slowly, "I am very glad to see you."

Lord Champion had come forward and gravely extended his hand.

He was a tall, thin, pale-faced man, with enough of the Champion look in his face to redeem it from positive ugliness, and no more. He was much of an invalid, being nerveless and irritable, perhaps in consequence. He was not popular, but he was considered a just man, and both Sir Robert and Crawley were anxious to secure him to their side in the nefarious game they were playing.

"You sent for me, Lady Isabel," Lord Champion said. "You told me in your letter that you believed your uncle, Sir Robert, was about to renew those persecutions of you which resulted before in the loss of your husband. You made the serious charge that your uncle had undertaken to cheat you into receiving a stranger now as that husband. Are you still of that opinion? Do you still refuse

to believe that this gentleman, whom your uncle, your aunt, your friends, your own servants, even your own child, recognize as Maurice Champion, is he?"

Lady Isabel put her hand to her head again in the same piteous manner. Her large, beautiful eyes looked up at his lordship in a helpless, scared way that was very touching to see.

The influence of the drug she had taken, whatever it was, seemed to be stealing over her again.

"I—beg your pardon, my lord," she said, kissing her little boy and speaking in a laboured manner. "What was it you were saying?"

Lord Champion turned and signed for the impostor to approach.

Crawley came forward, eager, flushed, handsome, but nervously agitated in spite of his demon-like assurance.

A positive blaze of hatred and aversion flashed from my lady's black orbs as she saw him.

"Do you know this gentleman, my lady?" asked Lord Champion, in a low and gentle tone.

To the surprise of all she answered, in a clear and ringing voice:

"I know that he is not Maurice Champion, my lord, and so does he."

Everybody started.

For the space of a moment it seemed that my lady's anger and dislike had conquered the deadly and numbing influence that was paralyzing her brain, and Sir Robert and Crawley again exchanged frightened glances.

But it was only for that moment. My lady, who had half risen from her chair in her excitement, had already fallen back again, and was as before kissing young Hugh's little face, in seeming unconsciousness of Crawley's hated presence.

Mr. Timothy Shrive now drew near, and spoke in a small and squeaking voice that made you think of a mouse involuntarily.

"Saddest case within my knowledge, my lord—the very saddest," he said. "Would your lordship be pleased to examine the legal bearing of the matter?"

"Presently, Shrive, presently," replied his lordship, frowning and looking from lovely Lady Isabel and her child to the impostor. "I never was intimate with Maurice Champion. This gentleman may or may not be he for all I know. I could not make oath either way. He doesn't look to me much as Maurice Champion used to."

A chorus of ejaculations rose at this among the guests.

"How can you say so, my lord!" cried most of them.

His lordship looked round at them.

"I know one thing," he said, peevishly. "Maurice Champion, when I knew him, had curling hair, not tightly curling, but it lay in shiny waves about his head. I remember that particularly."

Every eye turned upon Crawley, who, taken by surprise, flushed disagreeably and shot a glance of furtive anger at Sir Robert. Neither of them had thought of this. Crawley indeed had not known, for he had never in his life beheld the true Maurice Champion. It was true that lost Maurice had loosely curling hair, "waved," as Lord Champion said, while the pretender's locks were quite straight.

Crawley stood a moment, gnawing his lips, a picture of black discomfiture. Sir Robert looked only less annoyed and chagrined. Already the company began to whisper among themselves at Crawley's strange behaviour. Suddenly Crawley threw up his head defiantly, and looked his questioners in the face as boldly as if he had been the only honest man present.

"It is true," he said, with an effrontery that cannot be described, "that my hair was once curly. But I lay ill with a fever a long time, and my hair all came out. When it grew again it was as you see it. I hope that explanation is satisfactory, my lord."

His sneering lip curled ever so little as he concluded, and, unfortunately for him, Lord Champion saw it.

It is comparatively easy to delude people whose prejudices are all in your favour. It is another thing to convince a man who dislikes you, and Lord Champion hated this sneering fellow from that moment.

"Your explanation may be satisfactory to others," he said, fretfully; "it amounts to nothing at all with me. If you are the true Maurice Champion I would believe it a great deal quicker if you came to me with just such hair as he had. If you are not he, but an impostor, it is as easy to speak falsely about your hair as about anything else."

Crawley's black temper boiled up at these contemptuous words. Sir Robert had told him that he ought to be ashamed of such an idiotic temper as his, and had warned him not to let any one put him in a passion on this occasion; but all was forgotten at this moment.

"You'd better not call me an impostor, my lord!" he shouted, with a horrible oath.

He turned back the velvet cuffs of his coat in a flash, and squared himself like a prize-fighter.

Irritable as Lord Champion was, apt to lose his own temper about trifles, he could be very cool and unmoved when other people lost theirs. His lordship was near-sighted. He lifted his gold eye-glass now with great deliberation, and stared through it at Crawley as he might have done at some curious animal.

"I should judge, sir, that you had been in the ring in your time," his lordship, said coldly and contemptuously still. "I never saw any but a professional square off in that style, and I am much obliged to you for giving me this clue to your true identity. You Maurice Champion! You are no more he than I am Prince Albert!"

Lady Isabel had been sitting silent, one hand clasping her boy, the other supporting her forehead. She suddenly rose to her feet, and coming beside Lord Champion, linked her arm in his. She did not speak, but the movement was full of significance, and as she stood thus, with lovely grace, patriotism in every line, beautiful beyond words in spite of that deathly pallor on those pallid lips, there was something both in her look and that of the small, flashing-eyed boy that marked them apart, and not of that raging impostor's kind.

Lord Champion bent and lifted the child upon his arm.

"As much likeness between you and this boy as between a barn fowl and a young eagle!" he said, sternly; and then addressing the boy, unmindful of Crawley's increasing fury: "You may be Lord Champion some day, lad—don't you ever let that villain keep you out of it."

At this moment, with the cry of a beast, Crawley leaped at him.

His lordship never flinched or moved. He was a Champion too.

Sir Robert caught Crawley on one side, Shrive on the other, and it was all they both could do to hold him.

The villain fairly foamed at the mouth in his rage, and his handsome face was so livid, distorted and swollen that he seemed as if he must burst with passion.

Sir Robert looked nearly as enraged, but it was with his precious protégé.

Twisting his hand in his neck-tie he gave the silk a turn slyly that brought the tears into the villain's eyes, while he whispered in his ear:

"I'll choke you to death, I swear it, if you don't come to your senses, you idiot."

Crawley gasped and gnashed his teeth.

Sir Robert appealed to the gaping gentry standing round.

"You'd do the same as he if you were in his place. Is that any way to speak of a man before his own child? Is poor Maurice to be defrauded of both wife and child at the bidding of even Lord Champion?"

Shrive, seeing that Crawley was cooling down and beginning to look sulkily ashamed of himself, touched Lord Champion respectfully on the arm.

"My lord, I must insist, in the interests of my client, upon your examining the testimony before you decide in so important a matter as this."

"Which client do you mean, Mr. Shrive?" coolly questioned his lordship.

"Both, my lord—they are husband and wife."

"No; it is impossible that a low fellow like that—"

Crawley heard the words and shot a glance of black malignity that way.

"Let me beg of your lordship not to speak in that manner," expostulated the lawyer, in a low voice.

"Will you come into the next room and let me give you the points?"

"Humph! I suppose so—lead on."

He would have placed Lady Isabel in a seat, but she clung to his arm and looked at him so sadly and pleadingly that he could not resist; so, still carrying Hugh, and with the lovely, wan Lady Isabel upon his arm, he followed the lawyer.

It would not interest us to follow very minutely the testimony which the lawyer proceeded now to lay before Lord Champion.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO STORE FRUIT.—An expensive structure is not required, for the fruit may be kept exceedingly well in a dark room in which it will not be exposed to sudden changes of temperature. A cellar is a capital place, provided it is perfectly dry and dark; but, as usually constructed, cellars are too damp and incapable of being properly ventilated. If a place is built expressly for fruit it should, in dry soils, be partly below the general level, with the soil banked up against the walls. On wet soils it may be built upon the level and a bank of soil made against the walls. The roof must be double or covered with a good thickness of thatch, which will materially assist in maintaining an equable temperature. The fruit should be kept in perfect

darkness; but, to facilitate the examination of the stores, windows provided with shutters should be fixed at intervals in the roof or elsewhere, according to the style of the house. The fruit-room should be in a shady position, for a very considerable number of soft fruits ripening in summer are materially improved by being placed in a cool room for a few days, and in some cases the season of a particular fruit may be prolonged considerably by a portion of the crop being gathered and then placed in a cool dry place or a dry cellar. With regard to the internal fittings, it will suffice to say that shallow shelves or drawers of open lattice-work are preferable for laying the fruit upon.—*The Gardener's Magazine*.

ANCIENT AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.—All through their country are ruins of great fortresses, towers, aqueducts, and other public works, the origin of which is unknown to the present Indians, or only vaguely known by tradition. Some of these houses contained from one hundred to one hundred and sixty rooms. In Pecos the ruins of a Christian church and a temple to Montezuma stand side by side—the pagan temple being apparently the older of the two—just as the two religions may have for a time flourished alongside of each other. According to Indian tradition, it was built by Montezuma himself, who charged them not to lose heart under the foreign yoke, and never to let the sacred fire burn out in the estufa, for "when the time should come in which the tree should fall men with pale faces would pour in from the east and overthrow their oppressors, and he himself would return to build up his kingdom; the earth again would become fertile, and the mountains yield abundance of silver and gold." How the Spaniards came and conquered them is, according to them, a partial fulfilment of Montezuma's prophecy, and how the Americans with the pale faces came in their turn and drove out the Mexicans may be taken as a second part of the fulfilment; the third they are still waiting for. The Pimas themselves state that one time they used to live in large houses and were a great and powerful nation, but after the destruction of their kingdom they travelled southward, and settled in the valley where they now live, preferring to live in huts so that they might not become a subject of envy for a future enemy.

RAISING GIANTS.—King Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, determined to raise to order soldiers whose stature should meet his views of what grenadiers to serve royalty should be. The army was his hobby, and tall men his special admiration. He had a regiment at Potsdam that was the talk of the world, on account of their heads and shoulders being far above ordinary humanity. There were two battalions of 800 each, 2,400 in all, perfect Anaks, the shortest of the men being seven feet and the tallest nine. Such lofty beings were procured from all countries in Europe without regard to cost. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit, could not be had until six thousand dollars were paid. Tall men were decoyed and put into service at all hazards. Next he compelled them to marry unusually tall women, whether they consented or not. Prussia is rich in very tall subjects, the descendants of those gigantic grenadiers. In spite of his eccentric majesty's efforts, nature would have her own way, and the children of such parentage were not all tall at maturity. Then again another law came into operation to thwart the monarch's ambition to develop a race of monster men. Short men very generally prefer tall wives, and tall women dapper little husbands. Of course there is no philosophical way of accounting for taste, but such is the fact. There is a growth limitation of plants and animals. On reaching the predestined dimensions those active artisans that built up the body, as far as the law of limitation requires, cease labouring and a permanent type of size is thus established. It is impossible to go counter to those laws and raise giants of any kind. A few individuals, transcending their kindred in altitude, are apparently accidental or at least are beyond explanation; but anomalies in that respect, like monstrosities, cannot be perpetuated through generations.

THE MASTERSHIP OF THE ROLLS.—According to Haydon's "Manual of Dignities," the Master of the Rolls ranks next after the Lord Chief Justice of England. Anciently, according to Bratton, the Lord Chancellor, or Keeper, was assisted by a numerous body of learned persons termed "Masters," at the head of whom was an officer called the "Master," or Guardian of the Rolls or Records of his Court. When the duties of the Lord Chancellor as a Minister of the Crown increased his lordship very naturally referred no inconsiderable portion of his judicial functions to this personage, whose decrees, however, were always subject to the appellate jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery itself. He has in his custody all enrolments of the Court of Chancery, in which are recorded charters, patents, commissions, and other instruments under the Great Seal, together with

deeds, recognizances, and other public documents made on rolls of parchment. The enrolments since the reign of Richard III. have been kept at the Rolls Office; those prior to that date (says Haydn) being kept in the Tower of London. Under the statute of 1 and 2 Vict., cap. 94, the Master of the Rolls is constituted keeper of all the records in the Public Record Office founded by that Act. The mansion between Chancery and Fetter lanes called the Rolls House, with its chapel adjoining, was formerly an hospital for the use of Jews who became converts to the Christian faith; but after the expulsion of the Jews from England, in the reign of Edward I., it was annexed for ever to the office of the Master of the Rolls, who is now a gentleman of Jewish extraction, and enters "The Rolls" without becoming, or being asked to become, a convert. The Master of the Rolls holds his court here and at Westminster. Although the Rolls of the Court of Chancery begin in the reign of King John, the first authentic appointment of a Keeper or Master, according to Haydn, dates only from the 23rd year of the reign of Edward I., when Adam de Osgodby had the custody of the rolls of Chancery.

EDITH LYLE'S SECRET.

By the Author of "Daisy Thornton," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was in the dead of a wintry night, and a February rain was beating against the windows of the house, when Edith was roused from her sleep by Norah's voice, which said:

"If you please, Mrs. Schuyler, won't you get up quick? Gertie Westbrook has come all alone from the cottage in the rain and dark, and says my cousin is dying and wants to see you; there is something she must tell you. She's very bad, Gertie says, and talking such queer things."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Edith arose and began to dress, while Mr. Schuyler followed more leisurely, feeling annoyed at Mary Rogers for being ill on such a night as this, and sending for his wife, thereby putting him to great discomfort and inconvenience, for if Edith went to the cottage, as she seemed resolved to do, he of course must go also. And in a short time they were in their carriage and driving rapidly down the road toward the house where Mary Rogers was anxiously expecting them.

As soon as she knew Mrs. Schuyler would come Gertie had sped back through the darkness and rain, and when the carriage drew up before the gate she stood in the open doorway, her hair all wet and dripping, and her face pale with fear as she clutched Edith's dress and whispered:

"Oh, Mrs. Schuyler, I'm so glad you have come. She wanted you so much and said there was something she must tell you. But I'm afraid she can't now, because she's worse. She cannot talk; come quick, please. The doctor is there. I went for him first, and then back by the hill."

Edith had never been inside the cottage since she came to Schuyler Hill. She was always meaning to do so, and once, just after Robert had finished "La Soeur," she promised to go and see it, but the thought of standing again in the room where Abelard had lain dead had brought back the iron fingers, and she dared not risk it then for fear of the result.

Now, however, she had little time to think of herself, and almost before she was aware of what she was doing she had crossed the threshold of her old home and stood again in the familiar room. But she did not look about her, for Gertie hurried her on to the apartment where Mary Rogers lay, her face ashen pale, and her eyes fastening themselves with a look of intense longing and eagerness upon Edith as she came in.

When a young girl Mrs. Rogers had, it was afterwards ascertained, suffered from an affection of the heart, which she supposed she had entirely outlived. Within the last few months, however, it had troubled her at intervals, and the night of the severe attack she had told Gertie she was not well and had gone early to bed. Gertie, who slept upstairs, was awakened, she said, by loud groans, and hurrying to her auntie's room she found her on the floor where she had fallen in her attempt to strike a light. Her first words after Gertie helped her back to bed were:

"I am going to die, and I must see Mrs. Schuyler first and tell her something. Go for her quick, and the doctor too, if you are not afraid. I shall live till you come back."

She could talk then, but her powers of speech were gone now, and when Edith went up to her and said: "What can I do for you?" her lips tried in vain to frame the words she would say, while great drops of perspiration stood upon her face, wrung out by her intense desire to speak. It was hardly paralysis or

apoplexy either, the doctor said, but a kind of mixture of both, and while it left her mind perfectly clear it took from her the power of utterance and made her as helpless as a child.

"Can't you tell me what it is you wish to say to me?" Edith asked, as she took the clammy hand which was raised feebly to meet hers.

There was a shake of the head, and Edith continued:

"Perhaps you can write it?"

She shook her head again while the eager eyes went from Edith's face to Gertie, and from Gertie back again.

"I think I can guess," Edith said. "It is about Gertie. You wish to talk to me of her."

Then the quivering lips moved, and gave forth a sound which Edith knew meant "Yes," and she continued:

"You are anxious about her future if you die?"

Mrs. Rogers waited a moment and then nodded assent, while every muscle of her face worked painfully as she tried to speak.

"Oh, auntie," Gertie cried, as she bent over the dying woman, wiping the drops from her forehead, and smoothing her grayish hair lovingly, "don't be troubled for me. I shall surely take care of myself. I am strong and well and willing to work. I can find something to do, and everybody will be kind to me."

There were tears in Mary's eyes, and they rolled silently down her cheeks as she looked at the brave young girl, who was so sure of finding kindness in everybody.

Meanwhile Edith had been thinking, and as the result of her thought she said:

"Mrs. Rogers, will it comfort you to know that if you die Gertie shall come to live with me, and I will take care of her?"

Then the quivering lips, struggling so hard to articulate, managed to say:

"Yes, yes—yours"—and feeling for Gertie's hand she put it in Edith's, and whispered again "Yours," while the drops on her face grew larger and thicker with her agonizing efforts to tell what she could not. How hard she tried to make them understand the secret she had kept so long; and once she took the shawl which lay near her, and, folding it up to look like a child, she held it close to her bosom as a mother holds her baby, and then with her hand pointed to Gertie, and from her to Edith, mumbling the one word, "Yours, yours."

"What does she mean?" Edith asked, in great perplexity. "It must be something about little Jamie—that you will take care of him perhaps. Is that it?"

Mrs. Rogers's "No-o-o" came with a meaning cry, followed as last by the word "equal," spoken so plainly that there could be no mistake.

"Equal," Edith repeated, thoughtfully; and then, as a sudden idea came into her mind, her face flushed a little, and, remembering the pride and haughtiness at Schuyler House, and the opposition she might have to encounter, she hesitated a moment before she asked: "You wish Gertie to come to me as an equal?"

There was a decided nod, accompanied with a flash of the eyes, and then Edith glanced at the beautiful girl beside her standing with clasped hands, her head bent forward to listen, with a look of surprise and wonder in her eyes. That she should go to Schuyler House as anything but an equal had never occurred to her, and the question hurt her a little, and brought a gleam of pride into her face as she waited Edith's reply.

"Surely, surely they can make no menial of her," Edith thought, as she looked again at the young girl just budding into womanhood; and, resolving to brave everything, she said, as if there had never been a doubt in her mind, "Certainly, Mrs. Rogers, she shall come as an equal and have every possible advantage. I promise you that solemnly. Are you satisfied?"

Mary nodded, while her white eyes wore that look of intense longing, as if there was something more which she wished to tell. But she could not, and when at last she gave it up she managed to whisper:

"The box! the box!"

They could not guess her meaning, and thought her mind was wandering, though the motion of dissent she made when they hinted as much was a proof to the contrary.

Very sleepy, and uncomfortable, and a little impatient withal, Mr. Schuyler waited in the adjoining room, wholly unsuspecting of the compact which was to affect him so seriously.

But Edith did not forget him, or that it was his right to have something to say in the matter; and when she saw the woman was quiet she stole out to her husband, who was sitting disconsolately before the fire, and, laying her arm carelessly across his neck, said to him:

"Howard, I have done something which I trust you will approve. The poor woman is distressed about leaving Gertie alone, and I have promised that she shall live with us."

"Certainly, if you wish it," he said, thinking of Jamie and how much he was attached to Gertie Westbrook.

"Yes, but that is not all," and now Edith's white fingers threaded in her husband's hair. "I have promised to take her as an equal, not as a servant in any form. I am to treat her and educate her as if she were my sister. Are you willing, Howard?"

He did not know whether he was or not. He only knew that it was very disagreeable being turned out of bed at midnight and brought through the storm to this comfortless room, where the fire in the stove did not more than half burn, and the one candle on the table ran up a huge black wick and smelled horribly of tallow; and then, to crown all, Edith must ask if he was willing to take into his family and treat as her sister a little obscure girl, whose mother—he would persist in thinking Mrs. Rogers her mother—took in fluting, and ironing, and washing, too, for aught he knew, for a living.

Yes, it was hard, and his eyebrows came together, and his hands went farther into his pockets, while he sat a moment in silence.

Then he said:

"Do you wish it very much?"

Yes, Edith did wish it very much, and with one great bound her heart seemed to go out toward Gertie with a yearning tenderness never felt for her before. She wanted her. She must have her, and she replied:

"Yes, I wish it very much—more than I have wished for anything before for years."

"Then take her," was the response, and with a kiss of thanks Edith went back to the sick-room, where Mrs. Rogers was now asleep, with her head pillowed on Gertie's shoulder.

But the slumber did not last long, and when the gray, wet, wintry morning looked into the room Mary Rogers was dead, and what she had tried so hard to tell to Edith Schuyler had not been told.

Gertie's grief at first was wild and passionate, but Edith comforted her as best she could, and, taking her away from the corpse, led her up to her own chamber, the little room where she once had dreamed of future happiness and then wept bitterly over its ruin.

As she entered the apartment and cast her eye upon the opposite wall she started involuntarily, while the words rose to her lips:

"How came my picture here?"

But it was not her picture; it was "La Soeur," which Robert, who was in London for the winter, had given Gertie permission to hang in her room, and which at first struck Edith so forcibly as a likeness of herself when, a girl of fifteen, she used to look from the windows of that room for the coming of Abelard. As she examined it more closely, however, the likeness faded out, and she could not see Heloise Fordham in it as plainly as she had at first.

"Edith, my dear, you really must go now. I cannot allow you to remain any longer," came from the foot of the stairs where her husband was standing, and with a kiss for the sobbing, desolate child, and a promise to come again before the day was over and to send Norah to stay altogether till after the funeral, Edith joined her impatient lord and was driven rapidly home.

Nor did she return as she had promised, for exposure to the damp night air brought on a severe cold, which confined her to her room, where, on the day of the funeral, she sat looking wistfully in the direction of the cottage, watching the people gathering there, and the hearses standing before the gate just as it stood that other day when hers was the only heart that ached for the burden it took away.

They were coming down the walk now, the six men with the coffin, and she felt a keen throb of pity for the little figure clad in black, which, with Norah, walked behind. It was the Schuyler carriage which took them to the grave, and Edith blessed her husband for this kindness to the girl who was so much to her, and for his thoughtfulness in requesting his daughters and their governess, Miss Browning, to attend the funeral. He did it for her sake, she knew, and Julia, who rebelled stoutly at first, wondering why she should attend the funeral of one whom she had only known in the capacity of a menial, knew so too, and in Edith's hearing made some remarks about "the new element which was dragging her father down."

As yet she did not know that Gertie was coming to Schuyler House to live. Neither did any one except Mrs. Tiffe, for Edith thought best not to speak of it during the two or three days when Norah remained at the cottage with Gertie, looking over her cousin's effects, packing away her things, and separating them from Gertie's.

In a small box, which fastened with a spring, they

found several business-like documents, some yellow with age, some fresher-looking, and among them the papers relating to Gertie's "forty pounds." This Norah kept to give Mr. Schuyler; then, carelessly glancing at a few of the others, and finding them mostly receipts and papers relating to the bank, now good for nothing, she proposed to Gertie that they should burn them. But Gertie said "No, I may want to look at them some time," so they were put back in the box, and neither noticed the fresh, white sheet which, had they read it, would have changed the tenor of Gertie's life.

But they did not read it, and the box was put away in Gertie's trunk and the house was set to rights, and the room which Robert Macpherson still kept for his studio when he was there was left just as it was, with "La Soeur" removed to its old place on the easel, and at the close of the third day Norah locked the doors and, with Gertie, passed out into the street, leaving tenantless the cottage for which Godfrey had never taken a shilling rent since Mrs. Rogers had lived there.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was known now from Mrs. Tiffe, the house-keeper, down to Jennie, the scullion, that Gertie Westbrooke was to be an inmate of the household, but no one seemed to wonder much or care particularly, unless it was Kitty, the landlady, who groaned a little over the extra washing, but consoled herself that the girl would not probably "wear as many frills and puffs as the young ladies did."

With regard to her exact position in the family they were in doubt, but guessed she was to be either second waiting-maid to their mistress or nurse to the baby, but of this opinion Edith, who had overheard their conjectures, disabused them at once.

"Miss Westbrooke is not coming here as waitress or nurse," she said. "She comes as a young lady of the house, and as such you will treat her with deference and respect."

It was the first time Edith had assumed her full dignity as mistress, but she did it well and passed on, while the servants glanced curiously at each other, and John, the table-waiter, said he knew now why Miss Julia looked so black at lunch and whisked so spitefully out of the room.

Julia was furious, and when alone with her father spoke her mind freely to him, asking first if it was true, as she had heard, that Mrs. Schuyler had adopted Gertie Rogers and was to bring her there to live.

"Not adopted; no, certainly not adopted her," he said, apologetically, for there was something in his daughter's black eyes which made him wince a little.

"That woman was anxious about her child's future, and Mrs. Schuyler—or, rather, we promised to give her a home and an education, but there was no talk of adoption. No, certainly not."

He was careful to spare Edith as much as possible, and generously said so—but Julia was not deceived, and answered, indignantly:

"What is Gertie Rogers and that woman to Mrs. Schuyler? Are they relatives of hers, that she has so persistently interested herself in them since she came to Schuyler Hill? It would certainly seem as if they were more than chance acquaintances, as she affirms."

"Julia, hush! I will hear no more," he said, angered at this covert sneer at Edith; but Julia would not stop, and continued, hotly:

"I wonder what my mother would say could she know the kind of society to which her children are subjected, and the danger threatened Godfrey."

"Godfrey!" he repeated, in surprise; and Julia answered him:

"You must have been blind not to have seen the interest he has taken in this Gertie Rogers ever since she came here. Why, she has even presumed to criticize his manners and his mode of talk; and he has promised to improve for her sake, and holds her up as a pattern for Alice and me to imitate. If he does this now, when she is his tenant, and in her proper place, what may he not do when he finds her here, an equal, and a daughter of the house, as I understand Mrs. Schuyler says she is to be. Possibly she may yet be the daughter really; and, if so, you'll have yourself to thank."

Now Julia had not the slightest fear for Godfrey, or thought he would ever be to Gertie more than he was then, and the entire secret of her aversion to the child lay in the great interest Robert Macpherson manifested in her.

From the very first Julia had appropriated Robert to herself, and though he had never manifested any particular preference for her she had managed to monopolize his attentions, and was fearfully jealous of any one who stood in her way in the least.

She had quarrelled with Rosamond Barton because he once escorted her home from a party, and had refused to speak to Emma for an entire day when she

found her in the summer-house sitting alone with Robert, who was reading "Lady Geraldine's Love" to her; and though Gertie was a mere child, and outside her charmed circle, she was even jealous of her because of Robert's interest in her, and the unbounded praise he so unhesitatingly bestowed upon her.

He thought her face the most beautiful he had ever seen, and he had painted her portrait and called it "La Soeur," and when it was done had insisted that Julia should see it, and praise it too.

She had seldom visited his studio without finding Gertie there also—sometimes sitting to the artist, and sometimes conning her lesson under his supervision.

In some respects he was more her teacher than Miss Browning, and to him she owed the astonishing progress she made in German and French, and the delicacy of her touch on the piano, and the fund of general information which she possessed, and so often manifested to the discomfort of the young ladies at Schuyler House.

It had been a part of Robert's bargain with Mrs. Rogers that he should assist Gertie in her lessons, and what had at first been done as a duty soon became a pleasure, as the young man grew more and more astonished and delighted with the capacity of his pupil to receive and retain knowledge.

He was greatly interested in her, and spoke of her so often in Julia's presence that she began to hate the girl, who had hitherto been only indifferent to her as one beneath her notice; and now she was to become an inmate of the family, where Mr. Macpherson would meet her on terms of equality when he came back in the spring. And this was the cause of Julia's anger, and the reason why she dared talk as she did to her father, who was made quite as uncomfortable as she wished him to be.

Perhaps it was an unwise thing to bring Gertie into the house on terms of equality. She was very pretty. She would, of course, grow prettier with years, while Godfrey was headstrong and impetuous, and might be led to do her harm by attentions which to him would mean nothing, but would, nevertheless, be much to her.

Mr. Schuyler tried to believe that it was only for Gertie that he anticipated harm. Godfrey would never be in earnest, admire her as he might, and, consequently, no serious injury could accrue to him except, indeed, the moral one of deceiving and playing with the feelings of another. The real hurt would fall on Gertie, and for her sake it might have been better to leave her where she was. It was not well to lift people from their own proper level, except indeed in the case of Edith, which was very different.

Thus Mr. Schuyler reasoned when Julia had left him to his own reflections, which finally assumed the thought that Edith had been foolish, if not unreasonable, to wish Gertie to come there, and he unwise to permit it.

But it was too late now. She was expected that very afternoon, and as he went up to look at his boy before going out he stumbled over dustpan and broom which were standing before the door of the room opposite Edith's, which he knew was to be Gertie Westbrooke's.

Glancing in, as he paused, he saw a bright fire in the grate, and a pretty bouquet of hot-house flowers on the dressing-table, while Edith herself was arranging the chairs and curtains, experiencing as she did it a strange feeling of rest and happiness, as if what she was doing was done more for the young girl who years ago lived in that cottage by the bridge than for Gertie Westbrooke. The two were in her mind strangely blended into one, and she found it as hard to separate them as she did to identify herself with the Heloise Fordham she used to know, but who now seemed to have faded entirely from her life, and merged herself in that of little Gertie.

"I cannot tell why I love that child so much, unless it is because she is just the age my own daughter would have been, and looks as she might have looked," she said to herself, as she looped back the heavy curtain from the window and then, with her forehead leaning against the pane, stood thinking of the child that died, and wondering what her own life would have been had that child lived and grown to beautiful girlhood. "Not what it is now," she said, just as her husband started her by calling, rather sharply:

"Edith, what are you doing here in this cold room?"

He had never spoken to her in this tone of voice, and she turned towards him with a look of surprise in her face as she replied:

"It is not cold; the fire has been kindled some time, and I wanted to see that Gertie's room was all right. I am so sorry for her, and wish her to feel at home."

"Yes, certainly; but, Edith—Mrs. Schuyler—my dear—are you not in danger of spoiling her by mak-

ing so much of her? You could hardly do more if she were Alice herself, and such people do not often bear sudden elevation."

"Oh, Howard, what do you mean? You are not sorry we gave her a home?" Edith asked, in much perplexity at his manner, as she followed him into the nursery.

"No, not exactly that, certainly not; under the circumstances we could hardly have done otherwise than to give her a home; but we might have stopped there. Yes, certainly, we need not have made her one of the family, and our having done so may be productive of a great deal of harm. My daughter Julia is already in open rebellion, and has said things which disturb me very much."

"Julia," Edith began, indignantly, but checked herself at once, as she met the questioning look in her husband's eyes, and saw the meeting together of his eyebrows.

Julia had been her only *bête noir* since the departure of Miss Rossiter, and though there had never been any open rupture, and they were outwardly extremely polite to each other, Edith knew that there was no real liking between them, and that she was still looked upon by the young lady as an intruder and adventuress, and that the slightest provocation on her part would surely fan the smouldering fire into a flame.

Not a hint of this had she ever given her husband, who, seeing them so civil to each other, supposed there was the best of feeling between them, except indeed that Julia looked upon his wife as belonging to a different grade from the Schuylers and Rossiters, a fact which he secretly admitted to himself, though he admired and loved her just the same.

"You were going to speak of Julia," he said, as Edith stopped so suddenly.

And she replied:

"Nothing of any consequence, except that I will keep Gertie out of her way as much as possible."

"Yes, certainly, and now I must go. I have an appointment in the town. There's the carriage at the door. Good-bye."

He kissed her white forehead and stooped to kiss his boy, when Edith said, hesitatingly:

"By the way, Howard, would you mind driving round to the cottage on your way home and bringing Gertie with you? The snow is so deep and the walking so bad."

"I shall not have time," he answered, a little coldly, as he buttoned his overcoat, "and then you forget that such people do not mind mud and snow. They are used to it."

He was gone before Edith could utter a word, and with a swelling heart she watched him driving down the avenue, and then, bending over the cradle of her boy, she shed the first really bitter tears she had known since coming to Schuyler House. It is true she had received insolence from Miss Rossiter, coldness from Julia, and indifference from Alice, but these had weighed little when her husband's uniform kindness and consideration were in the opposite scale, and now it seemed as if he, too, were against her, and for a time she cried silently, wondering if she had done wrong to befriend the orphan girl, and if her coming there would be the beginning of discord between herself and husband.

"Mrs. Schuyler, please, may I come in? It's I—Gertie," a soft voice said at the door, and starting up Edith went to meet the young girl, and winding her arms around her kissed her lovingly, while all doubts of right and wrong were swept away with her first glance into the bright, innocent face and the soft blue eyes looking at her so wonderingly.

Gertie had never expected the carriage to come for her. As Mr. Schuyler had said, she was accustomed to mud and snow, and with Norah had walked to the house, watched by Julia from the moment she entered the avenue.

"There she comes," she had said to Emma, "basket, bundle and all. Now you see if she does not ring the front door bell instead of following Norah."

But Emma was too much absorbed in "Ivanhoe" to care whether Gertie made her advent through the front, or side, or back door, and made no reply to her sister, who continued her watch, noticing first Gertie's little feet and shapely ankles as she held her dress from the melting snow, and noticing secondly the dazzling purity of her complexion when contrasted with the deep black of her dress, and how her wavy hair, falling so carelessly down her neck, brightened her whole appearance as nothing else would have done.

This was Gertie's favourite style of wearing her beautiful hair. It was so long and heavy and took so much time to curl it that she suffered it to ripple over her shoulders, where it was held sometimes by a blue knot of ribbon, but often allowed to have its way and cover her like a cloud of gold with shadows of red upon it.

"I suppose she thinks it becoming to have that hair blowing around her face and eyes," Julia thought, forgetting the time when she had tried the effect with her black straight tresses, and found it hideous, or, as Alice had said, that "it made her look like a squaw."

Gertie had passed from her sight by this time, entering at a side door with Norah, who, knowing the position she was to occupy in the house, took her upstairs at once, and, pointing out her room to her, left her in the south hall, while she went to change her wet shoes and stockings. But Gertie could not believe this pretty room was intended for her. There must be some mistake, she thought; and, seeing the door opposite slightly ajar, and knowing it led into the nursery, and that Mrs. Schuyler was probably there, she ventured to knock and ask if she might enter.

(To be continued.)

THE WORKING CLASSES IN ITALY.

At Naples the condition of the mechanic is not at all an enviable one, the rate of wages ranging from about 1s. 6d. a day to 2s., an exception prevailing in favour of shipwrights, etc., who earn 10d. more. At the same time the value of money is less than it is in England, for though the bare necessities of life are cheaper everything else is far dearer, and it is calculated that a working man with a family would live as well on 7s. or 8s. in England as on 10s. in Naples.

An Englishman would not be able to live in Naples in the same manner as a native does; the diet he would require would be much more expensive, and he would be miserable in the damp, unventilated, filthy holes (called *bassi*), in which the native workman lodges; and unless he were careful he would run serious risks from the climate. Many Englishmen have gone to Naples in search of work, but all of them, with very few exceptions, have gone home again, finding that they were not appreciated by the Neapolitan employers, who objected to pay them more than the native hands. The few who appear to get on have special employment as engineers, managers, directors of factories, etc.; but, looking to the price they have to pay for "home comforts," it is doubtful if they are as well off as they would be in England.

The province of Genoa contains some 650,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-fourth are engaged in agriculture—many of the field labourers, however, working at some trade or manufacture to eke out their living—the women especially, who find occasional employment in coral cleaning, glove making, etc.

The agriculturists are for the most part owners of small plots of land, on which they spend their untiring energies, but, owing to the soil on the mountain slopes being torn up by the winter torrents and scorched by the summer sun, obtain but meagre harvests. These poor cultivators hardly manage to live, and numbers of them are emigrating yearly. The mechanics and artisans, on the contrary, are tolerably well off, and indeed are considered to be in a thriving condition. Shipbuilding employs a number of hands, who, when work is plentiful, can earn from 25s. to 30s. a week. In iron works and foundries the wages are from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a day. In the cotton mills and factories the men earn 2s. a day, and the women 1s. 2jd. The wages of paper-makers are from 1s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. a day, according to their skill, but this trade is declining under the pressure of competition and the more perfected system of manufacture adopted by other countries. The wages in multitudes of other trades carried on in the province would average about the same as those given above.

The workmen are, as a rule, a contented, hard-working, and peaceable set; strikes are scarcely known among them, and if disputes arise they are generally amicably settled.

In the city of Genoa savings banks are popular, the interest allowed to depositors being 4 and even 5 per cent. There are also societies for mutual relief, counting some 10,000 members. The following interesting contrast between the Italian working classes and those of England and France is translated from the report of an Italian committee appointed to inquire into the subject:

"It is certain that the demands and the sufferings of our working classes are less than those of the English and French, but also they work less and produce less. Our workmen are in general more sober, more modest, more patient, more naturally intelligent, less open to the seductions of dangerous Utopian ideas, and have confidence, more than English or French, and as much as Germans, in mutual help and association. On the other hand, and taken in the mass, they are less assiduous, less laborious, less instructed, and possess less dignity and self-respect than these. From this it follows that the most salient point in the working-class question in our country is precisely the opposite of that which preoccupies

and troubles the great industrial nations of our day. For them the great problem is this: How to insure continuous work and sufficient pay to a working population constantly on the increase, well taught, energetic, fired by the fever of work and gain, who, pressing on tumultuously and imperiously to the workshops, dictate terms to capital, and often compel their acceptance. For us, instead, the problem consists rather in finding means to inspire the consciousness and dignity of labour, to give the working man strength and stimulus, to rouse him from laziness, and to redeem from beggary a population as yet encumbered with parasites, idlers, and vagabonds, to render yet more fruitful and productive the labour of the labourers, to arouse in the contented mediocrity of the masses the hope and the pride of a constant and progressive amelioration—to second, in a word, the desire and research of labour rather to resist its demands and encroachments."

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so; and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

A STRANGE custom is observed in Madagascar. The Queen, among other feudal rights, is entitled to the rump of every bullock killed in the island.

BICYCLE JOURNEY.—Two gentlemen recently accomplished a bicycle journey from London to the Land's End, a distance of over 300 miles. They were 42 hours 25 minutes actually upon their vehicles, and their trip occupied them just one week.

DEATH OF PRINCESS BISMARCK.—The death of Princess Bismarck, wife of the Chancellor of the German Empire, took place at Baden-Baden on the 17th September. The deceased lady was of English parentage, having been the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Watkin Williams-Wynn, G.C.H. and K.C.B., who was formerly envoy to the Court of Denmark, and grand-daughter of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, M.P. for Denbighshire.

THE AERIAL VELOCIPED.—Pending the arrival of the "Graphic" balloon across the Atlantic some inventors in Paris content themselves with the aerial velocipede, which moves along bars suspended from poles, the wheel of the machine biting the bar below, and a running pulley on a bar above, keeping the velocipede in position. All the voyager has to do is to use his legs and off he goes—from one end to the other of a rail thirty yards long. The price of a return ticket is one sou. Some schools have patronized the toy—a new item in the extras. Possibly ladies' academies may include it in calisthenics and the use of the globes.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.—A "tea-broker" writes complaining of the working of the Adulteration Act upon green tea. It appears that the merchants, although perfectly cognizant of the bearing of the Act, neglected to inform the makers, imagining that some "understanding" could be come to with the authorities to limit legal action to cases of adulteration injurious to health. Tea has been coloured and faced so long that in the opinion of tea-brokers those practices cannot be injurious to the public; but it is more than probable that much of the bad effects attributed to tea-drinking may be due to "colouring" matter. At all events, it should be useless to plead that wrong has been done hundreds of times in order to mitigate punishment after warning has been given.

THE VAGRANT ACT.—Rogues and vagabonds will do well to note that on October 1 a new Act, the provisions of which are specially applicable to them,

came into operation. On that day the Vagrant Act of 1868 was repealed, and the new statute was to be construed as one with the 5th George IV., c. 33, for the punishment of idle and disorderly persons and rogues and vagabonds in England. The law is now extended to gaming with coins, cards, tokens, or other articles, in any street, road, or public highway, and the offender is deemed a rogue and vagabond within the recited Act, and may be imprisoned under that Act, or in lieu of such punishment be fined for a first offence a sum not exceeding 40s. and for a subsequent offence not exceeding 5l. By gambling in the streets at "pitch and toss" persons are deemed rogues and vagabonds.

THE VEGETARIANS.—No naturalist who has examined the teeth of man, and compared their structure with those of the lower animals, can be of the opinion that those who call themselves vegetarians, and restrict themselves to vegetable diet, are acting in accordance with the dictates of nature. The teeth of man, partaking as they do in a nearly equal degree of the properties of the herbivorous and carnivorous classes of animals, show that he has been destined to be nourished by both descriptions of food. We do not require to refer to what would be sufficient evidence of the propriety of using this kind of aliment—viz., the natural instincts of man to seek it, or to the superiority in energy and stamina seen in those races of mankind who freely use, compared with those who from circumstances or superstitious observance, do not partake of animal food—the form and structure of the teeth alone afford the most conclusive proof that man has been intended by his Creator to derive his food in nearly equal degrees from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They will best preserve their constitutions in unimpaired vigour, therefore, who do not confine themselves exclusively to the use of either.

PETROLEUM FOR FUEL.—Among the anomalies of the fuel question the most striking consist in the fact that the supply of petroleum from the Pennsylvania wells is now at a rate which has reduced its value to 1d. per gallon, and that yet no methods have been brought into general use to utilize this product, either for manufacturing or domestic purposes, so as to influence the price of coal. The present yield of the region is estimated at 30,000 barrels a day. Many single wells give as much as 1,300 barrels daily, and new discoveries are constantly made, the chief flow being from a locality embracing a space of not more than about a third of a mile, and most of the discoveries being on ground which had hitherto been considered unproductive, but which is now brought into play "by the use of nitro-glycerine torpedoes, that upon being thrown into the opening produce sufficient concussion to open the interstices in which the petroleum is secreted." An impression is become general that the existence of this fuel is as extensive as that of coal itself, and meanwhile, although it seems not to be turned to sufficient account in Europe to mitigate the inconveniences from the scarcity of coal, its qualities are finding recognition in China and Japan, whither considerable shipments are now in progress.

THE HEIRESS OF CLANRONALD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEANWHILE Daisy was rolling along in the very heart of West End aristocracy.

At last the driver drew rein and brought his horses to a stand-still in front of a great arched entrance.

"Clydesdale House, miss!"

Daisy adjusted her disguise and emerged from the vehicle with a dreadful tremour in all her limbs. She gave the man his fare, and he rattled off, leaving her alone in front of Lady Clydesdale's elegant residence.

The street was fairly blocked with carriages, and every moment there was a fresh arrival.

The entire front of the mansion, and all the surrounding grounds, were in a blaze of illumination.

On the lofty marble steps, flitting past the gleaming windows, and thronging the terraces, were white-robed figures flashing like meteors with jewels, and from afar, amid the plash of fountains, and the rustle of tropical plants, the music of a Strauss waltz thronged upon the perfumed air.

Daisy stood awed and breathless, half believing herself under the spell of some weird enchanter. And this was the life of the noble and high born, the life for which she had often pined. It might be hers one day! Was not she a titled lady by birth and heritage?

Her breath came fast, and her cheeks glowed beneath the black domino, and yet, strange enough, moved by some sudden and subtle memory, she turned from the grandeur and glitter, and gazed wistfully

beyond the twinkling gas-lights, with a tender yearning in her heart for the old, toiling, humble life with grandfather and Ichabod in the little reddish-brown cottage.

But the rustle of silken robes, as a gay party of lords and ladies brushed past her, awoke her with a start, and she shrank away into the gloom of a great tree.

There was a little side gate leading into the garden, only a few feet off, and with a thrill of relief she glided towards it. It chanced to be unlocked, and she passed through with a throbbing heart.

"Under the arbour, by the eastern fountain, where the Undine statue stands," she repeated, gliding along in the black nun's dress, half in terror, half in keen enjoyment of her adventure.

The soaring moon stood almost at mid-heaven. It must be near eleven o'clock now, she thought, making her way towards the east.

Presently she came out into an open square, and the silver fall of waters struck on her ear.

There was the fountain, surrounded by a silvan grotto, and a circle of dancing maids; and just beyond stood a marble Undine, a shower of falling spray representing her shimmering hair.

Daisy stopped in a tremor, for a few steps onward stood a pretty lattice arbour, all matted with running vines; and while she stood a tall figure in a Spanish cloak and black sombrero came out from the arbour and advanced to meet her.

In the grand drawing-rooms the ball was going on. The duchess wore her diamonds that night and a robe that would have befitted a queen.

With Miss Ryhope on her arm she passed down the glittering length of her grand hall, stately and gracious, presenting the pretty young daughter of the baronet to the gay London world.

This was May's debut, and it was a triumph; every eye followed her with tender admiration, she was such a fresh, winsome, pretty little thing, in her floating, silvery robes.

The presentation ended, the Earl of Shaftonsbury made his appearance, flushed and florid in his fine cloth, with a flashing diamond pin in his shirt front, and a star-like solitaire on his plump little finger.

He was the one match of the season toward which unmarried womanhood yearned. Fat dowagers with daughters smiled and courted as he passed them, and fading belles who had enjoyed the run of some half a dozen seasons craned their bejewelled necks to get a sight of him.

He was an earl with a revenue of thirty thousand a year. What did it signify if he was fat and florid, and a wine-bibber to boot?

He made his way to that portion of the room where the duchess, his sister, stood, and with gracious condescension she resigned her fair charge to his protection.

Little Miss Ryhope could do nothing but submit, and lay her dimpled hand on his detested sleeve, but she shrugged her white shoulders petulantly and pouted like a wilful child.

They joined the rank of the dancers, and Lady Ryhope, with a sigh of satisfaction, glided stealthily from the brilliant ball-room. She had very little motherly affection for her pretty young daughter, but in her pride and ambition she was very desirous that she should form a worthy alliance, and in all London there was not a more brilliant match than the Earl of Shaftonsbury, brother to Her Grace the Duchess of Clydesdale.

Lady Ryhope made her way from the ball-room to the conservatory, and thence into the garden.

Her face was ghastly pale, and her eyes glistened with suppressed excitement.

Just beyond the grand, arched gateway, which led into the illuminated gloom of the garden, she paused, and taking a tiny silver whistle from her bosom she put it to her lips and blew a slender note.

Almost instantaneously a dark figure shot up from the depths of the shrubbery and approached her.

It was Tulip, and she carried a bundle under her arm.

"Is it time, my lady?" she whispered.

"Quite time," responded her ladyship, consulting her jewelled watch by the fitful lamplights; "tis only ten minutes to eleven."

Tulip unrolled the bundle and shook out a long sable cloak, with which she completely enveloped her mistress, entirely concealing her gay ball-room dress; then she drew forth an enamelled mask, with a kind of hood or cowl attached, which she proceeded to adjust upon Lady Ryhope's blonde head.

"There," she said, when all was arranged, "you don't look one bit like yourself, my lady."

"Very well," replied her ladyship, quietly. "Now do you remain here, and if you hear the whistle, come to me. Remember," she added, as she drew her sable mantle close; "if you are discreet and silent you will make yourself a rich woman."

"I shall not forget, my lady."

Tulip shrank away amid the shadows, her yellow eyes bright and watchful, and Lady Ryhope hurried down the paved walk that led toward the eastern section of the garden.

"If I should be seen no one will recognize me in this disguise," she reflected, as she hurried along, her satin shoes scarcely making a sound; "and I must know—I will know what this meeting portends!"

She could hear the fall of the fountain, and catch a gleam of Undine's trickling tresses.

A sound of murmuring voices reached her ear, and she glided into the arbour, and crouched down beneath the rustic bench, her sable cloak scarcely distinguishable from the gloom of the night.

Two persons stood not three yards from the arbour—a man in a Spanish cloak and slouched hat, and a tall and stately nun.

Lady Ryhope fairly gasped in amazement, but in the midst of her wonder the nun advanced, and raised her mask.

"Lord Raeburn," she said, "do you recognize me now?"

The man in the cloak uttered an exclamation.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated, "can it be Miss Doon?"

Daisy bowed, advancing a step, so that the light of a lamp, swinging like a firefly from the awaying branch overhead, fell full upon her proud, beautiful face.

"It is Miss Doon," she assented. "I do not care to be recognized in Lady Clydesdale's grounds at this hour," she added, replacing her mask, "and have followed your example, my lord. Now what are the conditions that I am to hear before my brother can claim his right to the title and estates of Clanronald? I beg that your lordship will be brief and speak at once."

Her voice was clear and cold, her bearing that of a queen. Captain Lamont drew a deep breath.

"God, what a superb creature!" under his breath.

"She takes a man's breath away! The old Clanronald blood tells. And am I to have no thanks?" he added, advancing a step, his bold eyes full of passionate ardour; "not even a kind word for all the pains I have taken to hunt out this tangled old heritage?"

"Whatever you have done, my lord," replied Daisy, with haughty coldness, "you shall be paid for, and good pay is better than thanks. And now I ask you again to name the conditions you referred to in your letter. What am I required to do before I can claim the heritage of Clanronald?"

"Miss Doon," replied Lord Raeburn, with slow and distinct emphasis, "before your claim to Clanronald can be established you must become my wife!"

If a bullet had struck her Daisy could not have been more startled. For the space of a moment she stood dumb, then she threw up her proud head with a gesture of scornful grace.

"My lord," she replied, "I did not come here to listen to idle jests."

"I am not jesting, Miss Doon, or speaking idly, as you will find; on the contrary I am deadly, determinedly in earnest. I hold all the proofs and claims to Clanronald in my hands. If you desire your brother to be established as heir to that title you must consent to become my wife—to marry me at once."

"To marry you!" her lovely eyes blazing, "you, who were to marry Lady Ryhope, and deceived and deserted her at the very altar?"

"I never loved Lady Ryhope, Miss Doon," and she led me into that silly contract against my will; I was forced to break it. But you I do love. From the first moment my eyes beheld you I have loved you as I never did and never shall love any other woman."

Crouching under the arbour-seat, Lady Ryhope tore at the priceless laces on the bosom of her ball dress till they were in tatters; her passion amounted to an agony.

"Traitor!" she breathed, in a sibilant whisper, "you shall pay dearly for this!"

"Don't be unreasonable, Miss Doon," continued his lordship, "I can't see why you should object to my conditions—I offer you an honourable name and position and a devoted love."

He advanced and attempted to take her hand, but Daisy recoiled from him in marked aversion.

"You are not an honourable man, Lord Raeburn," she said, passionately, "or you never would have lured me here for such a purpose as this, you never would have made such an unmanly proposal; I shall never become your wife, and you know it."

"I don't know it, begging your pardon, Miss Doon. You will consider this. You shall have time—I will win you by my devotion."

"Your devotion is utterly distasteful to me, my lord. Of all men on earth I think I like you less. Once for all, let me tell you that I shall never be your friend, much less your wife."

The handsome Guardsman winced. He had always been petted by women, and this shoemaker's granddaughter scorned him to his face. But her imperial

coldness fired him as no yielding love ever would have done.

"Then you will remain what you are till the day you die. You shall never be Lady Clanronald."

The name had a strange music to poor Daisy's ear. Lady Clanronald! But not even for that, not even for Ichabod's sake, would she entertain one thought of this man.

"Very well," she replied, quietly; "if it must be so it can't be helped. We'll see what can be done! I want my locket now, Lord Raeburn."

"You can't have it, Miss Doon, you can't have anything that will prove that your brother is heir of Clanronald; he must stick to his last till you consent to my offer."

Daisy's great eyes glowed like smouldering volcanoes, and it cost her a mighty effort to refrain from bounding at him like a pantheress in the frenzy of her passion.

"Lord Raeburn," she cried, half stifled by her indignation, "give me back my locket, I command you!"

His lordship broke into a lazy musical laugh.

"Why, my dear young lady," he said, "that locket did the whole thing. You would be Lady Clanronald if you had that in your possession. The hour that you become my wife I will return it safe and sound. And now I must bid you good night, much against my will, but it wouldn't be quite agreeable for the duchess or any of her gay guests to stumble on me in this plight. Whenever you make up your mind, Miss Doon, as you certainly will, to accept my offer, and with it the Clanronald heritage, you can drop me a line. Here is my club address," laying an enamelled card on a rustic seat that was near, "and now I must leave you. Won't you shake hands with me, Miss Doon?"

But Daisy, half beside herself with passion, struck fiercely at the proffered hand, and as his lordship drew down his sombrero, and disappeared with a smiling bow, she sank into the garden seat, utterly overcome.

Prolonged excitement and her sudden anger and agony at finding herself so completely outwitted, threw her for the moment into a kind of spasmodic convulsion. She fell back, disarranging her blonde wig, and lay panting and gasping.

Lady Ryhope darted up from her place of concealment and sped across the grass to the edge of the fountain. A pretty silver drinking-cup hung from a silver chain. She tore it loose with one swift wrench, and glancing sharply about her to see that she was quite alone, she drew the little metallic box, the gift of the wizard, from her bosom.

Her face was like death in the semi-darkness, and she trembled in every limb; but her purpose was deadly and determined. She pressed her finger on the secret spring of the box, and the lid flew up, and with it a cloud of pungent perfume. She lifted the white powder into the silver drinking-cup, and held it beneath the trickling stream of the fountain.

Daisy still lay upon the garden-seat, half unconscious, and in one brief moment Lady Ryhope was at her side.

"Drink this, my child; it will revive you," she said, in an assumed voice, putting one hand beneath the girl's head, and with the other holding the poisoned cup to her lips.

Daisy struggled up, and raised her eyes vacantly to the masked face that bent over her.

"Drink this," urged Lady Ryhope; "'tis water, and you are faint."

The cool rim of the silver cup touched the girl's hot lips, and she drained the contents at a single draught.

In the same breath a swift hand parted the branches of a tangled hedge near by, and Sir Eustace rushed to the spot with a ghastly face.

"Great Heaven! what have you done?" he cried, grasping Lady Ryhope's arm.

She uttered a cry of agony, and broke from his grasp; but in the struggle her mask was unfastened, and fell to the ground.

For the space of a breath mother and son stood face to face; then, with a startling cry, she turned and fled away amid the shadows like a phantom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SIR EUSTACE turned to Daisy, who was slowly rising to her feet, his eyes full of eager questioning.

"Daisy," he said, when he could command his voice, "what does all this mean?—what are you doing here?"

She put her hand to her head, to assure herself that Mathil's disguise was all out of gear, and then her black eyes began to blaze.

"That concerns myself and not you, Sir Eustace," she replied, loftily.

The young baronet took her hand, and held it firmly.

"Yes, it does concern me, Daisy," he replied, looking at her with a tender glance; "it does concern me, because I am your friend—because I love you."



[DAISY POISONED.]

my little girl, and do not wish to see you come to harm."

The kind words overcame poor Daisy in a minute; it was not in her nature to withstand kindness. Her flashing eyes began to soften.

"Can't you trust me, Daisy?" urged Sir Eustace, drawing her hand through his arm and leading her on through the garden; "I may be able to help you; at any rate I'll not betray your confidence. What brought you here, in this queer disguise, at this hour, Daisy?"

The girl began to sob in her excitement. She felt so miserable and friendless that the temptation to confide everything to Sir Eustace, and entreat him to help her, was irresistible.

"Oh, dear," she stammered, between her sobs, clinging to the arm that supported her, "I know how strange it seems—but 'twas nothing wrong that brought me here—it was for Ichabod's sake—"

She stopped short, and pressed her hand against her side, her face contracting with a spasm of pain.

Sir Eustace grew white to the lips.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "what's the matter? Daisy, what was it that my—I mean—that woman gave you to drink?"

Daisy looked bewildered.

"Some one did give me water," she said, slowly, "and it was a strange woman—I remember now—oh, dear!"

Her dusky cheeks were rapidly losing their vivid colour, and a faint, purplish blue surrounded her eyes.

The young baronet regarded her with terror.

"You have been poisoned, Daisy," he gasped.

"Lady—that water must have been poisoned—let me go for help."

But she clung to him in an agony of affright.

"Oh, don't leave, don't leave me, in this dreadful place," she entreated, in piteous accents; "help me to get away. Oh, there it is again, that awful pain! Sir Eustace, did you say I was poisoned? Who would want to poison me? Could Lord Raeburn have done it?"

"Lord Raeburn! was he here?" demanded Sir Eustace, half beside himself.

"Yes, I came here to meet him!"

A look of fierce jealousy flashed to the baronet's eyes. He threw off her clinging hands.

"To meet him," he cried, hoarsely; "and you dare to tell me to my face, knowing that I love you as my life? False, heartless girl, you deserve to die."

Deprived of his support, Daisy's knees began to totter under her, and wrenched by another pang she sank down upon a grassy ridge.

"I am not false," she said, speaking with difficulty.

"Lord Raeburn holds a secret of great importance to Ichabod; he is heir to Clanronald Castle, and Lord Raeburn has the proofs, but I can't tell you now, I am in great pain. Sir Eustace, am I going to die, do you think?"

The baronet knelt down and supported her sinking head. Her face was growing ghastly, the breath came in painful gasps through her purple lips.

"Oh, my love, my beautiful darling," he cried out, in an agony of grief, "I would give my own life to spare you all this pain. I must go for help; you must not lie here and die."

He started up, but she held him fast, her lovely eyes wild with agony and terror.

"Oh, don't leave me," she begged like a child, "it is so dark in this strange place. Oh, please, Sir Eustace, don't leave me!"

He could not leave her, and to remain there was death. A sudden suspicion had flashed through the young man's brain; the moment he heard Lord Raeburn's name he knew the motive that had prompted the awful deed; and he knew also that Lady Ryhope had made sure of her work. He knelt down again and took the queenly young head on his arms.

The great lovely eyes looked at him with a most piteous terror in their depths.

"I am dying," she gasped, "and Ichabod will never know, and he is Lord of Clanronald, Douglas Doon's heir; you must help him, I tried to do right, it is all for Ichabod, and I am dying—"

Sir Eustace made a frantic effort to disengage her clinging grasp, but she would not let him leave her.

Wild with agony as he saw that awful pallor creeping over her face, and felt her whole frame shuddering with throes of agony, he caught her in his arms and ran with all the speed he could command in the direction of the street. But half way his strength failed him, he stumbled and almost fell, for she was growing to be a dead weight in his arms. He laid her tenderly on a grassy spot near the gate and raised her head again.

She smiled a faint, sweet smile.

"You are so kind, Sir Eustace," she murmured; "it will soon be over. Help poor Ichabod. Heaven have mercy on him and on me."

She fell into a stupor then, her eyes half closed.

Sir Eustace thought of shouting for help, but, agonized as he was, a nameless dread kept him silent, and he sat there in the solemn gloom, with the whisper of the night winds in his ears, and the music of the ball-room echoing in the distance, like one in an awful dream, watching the lovely face that whitened with the pallor of death.

After a brief interval Daisy roused again, shook by another death-pang. Her eyes slowly opened.

"Heaven bless you, Sir Eustace!" she murmured. "Poor Ichabod—he'll miss me—who'll help him now?" Then she paused and an ineffable joy flooded her white face. "Jack," she cried. "Dear, kind, good Jack—at last—at last—no one else was ever like Jack."

These incoherent utterances ceased, the queenly head, with all its shining braids, fell back upon the grass, there was one long, shuddering breath, and then an awful silence.

The young baronet did not stir for a moment. Then the truth broke upon him like a thunder-clap.

"She's dead," he gasped—"dead! Great Heaven! what shall I do? The world will say I murdered her!" He stood irresolute, his knees shaking beneath him, and the graceful figure of the murdered girl lay there at his feet.

"What shall I do?" he groaned, great beads of agony glistening on his brow. "I can't leave her here, and if I call for help now her death will be charged to me. What a fix I'm in. I can't make a clean breast of it and denounce the woman who murdered her, for that woman is my mother. I saw her sift something into the cup from a silver-coloured box with my own eyes. Poison without doubt! Her ladyship deals in poison! This is not her first attempt! What an idiot I was to stand and look on till the poor girl had swallowed it! I might have saved her life! I ought to have gone for help on the instant! I feel as guilty as if I had murdered her! Poor, pretty Daisy!"

But fear for his own safety, and horror at his mother's guilt, overcame for the time all feeling of love that the baronet may have experienced for the hapless girl at his feet. Indeed Sir Eustace's own well-being was always paramount over every other consideration.

In the midst of his consternation the sound of approaching steps fell on his ear, and with a sudden impulse he yielded to his fears and fled away under cover of the darkness, leaving the still face all alone in the fitful lamp-light.

Only once he glanced back, as he turned into a shadowed walk, and then he saw the dimly defined form of the dead girl, and, bending over her, peering down into her face, was the most unsightly creature that human eyes ever looked upon.

Sir Eustace barely suppressed a cry of horror. What was it? Mephistopheles or the fiend incarnate? His nerves shook with mortal fear. Thinking only of his own safety, he fled with redoubled speed.

(To be continued.)



[THE TRUST REFUSED.]

SHIFTING SANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Elgiva; or, the Gipsy's Curse," "The Snap Link," "The Lost Coronet," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'Tis strange to think if we could fling aside
The mask and mantle that love wears from
pride,
How much would lie we now so little guess
Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought
recess.
These are the bars—the curtains to the
breast.

LORD TREVILLE sat in the luxurious and graceful apartment in his Southern villa which had been his principal abode for the last ten years of his invalid and secluded existence, an existence that might well be supposed to have but small charm for the valetudinarian earl.

He had had a history perhaps—most men have—but no one had ever been cognizant of Lord Treville's.

All that was known of him was that he had passed his youth in the usual style of elder sons of the titled and wealthy. Eton and Oxford had prepared him for a prolonged foreign travel, which was indeed so much extended that his mother had died rather suddenly in his absence; and when he was summoned home to attend her funeral, and support his father, himself in failing health, he seemed so completely estranged from his own country and customs that little surprise was expressed at his taking the very earliest opportunity to return to the Continent.

This time however his absence was brief, and his manner even more gloomy and morose than on his previous visit, when he returned to Treville Castle and took up his abode with the old earl for the remainder of that failing life.

But no entreaties would induce him to fulfil an elder son's duty and take a wife.

No anchorite was more determined in his dislike to female society and his refusal to even consider the claims of the eligible young ladies mentioned by his father for his choice.

"Sibbald will marry—he is always in love; let him keep up the family name, and leave me in peace and quiet," he said, firmly.

And after many vain attempts the earl relinquished efforts that might drive his heir from his home and leave him desolate in his last days.

Then came Sibbald's marriage, the birth of Netta, and the death of Mrs. Carew. This misfortune fairly

broke down the earl's feeble energies, and after a tedious sinking of mind and body he slept with his fathers, and young Lord Carew became Earl of Treville, with its heritage of wealth and, as it seemed in his case—woe.

In less than a year from his father's death he had quitted the castle, after making all necessary arrangements.

And since then he had resided at one of those fairy-like villas in the delicious atmosphere of Cannes which seem to make existence in itself a delight.

Had it not been for the "Peerage" which proved his existence, and the occasional reports of visitors to that fair Southern spot, Lord Treville would have passed from memory even of his contemporaries.

In any case his very person was unknown to many of the residents, and his correspondence with his younger brother and presumptive heir had not sufficient frequency to keep up the ties of affection between them, though perhaps just sufficient to prevent any actual estrangement.

Such was the career patent to the world of my Lord Treville.

But these facts scarcely could account for the eccentricities of his life, nor the sardonic gloom that rested on his mood, and made him worse even than an anchorite in habits and in temper; and whether they ever would be explained to the world or even confided to any human being was a problem yet to be solved.

It was a study that rather interested the sole other tenant of the room where the earl sat at the moment of his introduction to the reader, this personage being no other than the trustee under Mrs. Carew's marriage settlement and a distant relative of that lady and of Lord Belfort.

"So this is the miserable end of my imprudent and misguided brother's life," observed the earl, after a pause, which might perhaps have been caused by a struggle to master his emotions at the tidings Mr. Meynard had brought.

The earl's long, thin features had somewhat worked during that interval, it might be from the fraternal sorrow that such tidings might well occasion.

"Well, that is perhaps rather a harsh view of looking at matters," said Mr. Meynard, soothingly. "No doubt Mr. Carew was rash, as a father and a man from whom much might be expected in the world, to risk his life. But still he has expiated the folly most fatally, and his last wishes, my lord, were that you should take charge of his young daughter, till her marriage or coming of age."

"I?" exclaimed the earl, with a shudder. "What

can I do with a young and giddy girl and a sister whom I have not seen for these twenty years? Mr. Meynard, it is impossible."

"Surely you must be mistaken, my lord," said Mr. Meynard, remonstratingly, "you surely must have seen 'Lady Emily Carew' when you were at Treville Castle. Your father, the late earl, has not been dead so long as twenty years."

"No, but Lady Emily was not an inmate of the household for years before my father's death," observed Lord Treville, reflectively. "She had been almost adopted in girlhood by a sister of our mother's, and when my father became ailing and eccentric he would not consent to her being summoned home as I proposed. It would be as repugnant to me, Mr. Meynard, for her and my niece to invade my quiet home."

"Then am I to understand that your lordship absolutely refuses the trust bequeathed to you?" said Mr. Meynard, calmly.

"Can you make me understand the real cause of my brother's animosity to this young fellow, whose very age should have shielded him from such folly? To my thinking, he is the more to be pitied of the two," he added, sardonically.

Mr. Meynard shrugged his shoulders.

"What can I say, my lord? If I were to give my candid opinion it would be that Mr. Carew had some jealousy of Lord Belfort's attentions to a very handsome girl he had brought over from France. But it is too rash, perhaps, to judge others with such imperfect knowledge."

Mr. Meynard himself was perhaps surprised at the effect produced by his words.

Lord Treville's face actually blanched, and his eyes glared questioningly at his companion.

"What is it you mean, sir?" he gasped. "Do you slander the name which both my dead brother and I bear? How dare you utter such calumnies?"

"Nay, my lord, it was but an answer to your own question," replied Mr. Meynard, calmly. "I, as a gentleman, cannot stain my lips with falsehood, and I spoke as I believed. I would have done the same had it been my own brother."

The earl seemed to regain his self-possession now.

"I daresay you may be right, Mr. Meynard, but you will confess it is no very creditable a report of my only brother's life and death. Pray who is this girl to whom you refer?"

"That is more than I, or I fancy any one else can tell you, my lord. Mr. Carew brought her from France, made her a companion to his daughter, and, as is more than suspected, regarded her with more than a father's love. But her birth and parentage

are utterly unknown to me, and I fancy even to him."

"And where is she? where is she?" exclaimed Lord Treville, eagerly.

"I do not know. She left the Manor after the duel, and before Mr. Carew's death. It gave countenance to the rumours afloat, since she and the guilty fugitive disappeared together, and one may fairly draw an obvious inference from that circumstance."

"She must be found; she must be found," said the earl, eagerly. "I agree with you," he added, seeing Mr. Meynard's astonished look. "The key of the mystery must probably rest in the bosom of that unfortunate and guilty girl. She must be traced, and brought hither. To my idea she is far more to blame than Lord Belfort himself. Probably she is a mercenary, time-serving girl, and I shall know how to deal with her. Let her come here, I say."

"Whenever she may be discovered, my lord; but, as I told you, no clue has yet been found of her or of Lord Belfort. A warrant is out, the officers are on the scent, and if they should be found together she would certainly be in danger of suspicion in assisting the prisoner to escape."

"I will double the reward," said the earl, with a choking voice. "Ay, double it for him; quadruple it for her apprehension. What was her name?"

"A fancy one I should say, my lord. She was called St. Croix, but I fancy the family from whose care she was taken were called Falconer. Lady Emily gave me some hints of the kind when speaking of her some time after she came to the Manor."

"Mr. Meynard, I must have it cleared up. I must see her," said the earl, vehemently. "But perhaps my sister may have better information than you can give me. Of course, it is very irrelevant to the matter in question—I mean as to the care of my niece—but still there is some connection between tracing out the cause of my brother's untimely end and the guardianship that it entails upon me," he added, with a strong effort at calmness.

"It may be so, my lord," said Mr. Meynard, coldly. "Yet it is rather like visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, to make one dependent on the other."

"And, if it were so," said the earl, bitterly, "if it were so, is Netta Carew the only one who is subject to such a fate? Sir, there are others far more to be pitied than this petted heiress, on whom such a curse falls. Save your pity for them," he added, impatiently.

"Well, all this can only resolve itself into one question," returned Mr. Meynard, with the air of a man who has had enough of a repugnant argument. "Are you willing to take on yourself the guardianship of your niece, as Mr. Carew desired? That is my errand, and I must take back a specific reply before Lady Emily quits the Manor."

Lord Treville mused for a few moments.

"On condition that my sister and niece will submit to the rules of my household, and leave me to follow my own habits as I choose, I have no objection, or rather I will waive my objections," said the earl, firmly. "And you will carry out my directions, Mr. Meynard?" he added, eagerly. "Double the rewards; nay, offer four times the amount for the girl. The scent will be best learned from her; that will give the clue, and bring punishment on the criminal."

Lord Treville rang the bell as he spoke, a pretty strong hint for the visitor to take his leave, but he softened the dismissal by the next words:

"You must pardon me, Mr. Meynard, but I am too much of an invalid and too soon wearied with company for me not to claim some exemptions from the ordinary rules of hospitality. But, if you will kindly accept the attentions of my servant, who has been with me so many years as to be no bad substitute, I shall be most happy for you to remain as long as you may think fit under my roof."

"Thank you, my lord. I will avail myself of the kindness only for one night," replied the guest, coldly. "To-morrow I shall start for England, and will do my best to carry out your commission. I shall, perhaps, be off too soon to see your lordship in the morning, so I will take my leave," he went on, holding out his hand.

Lord Treville was certainly an invalid, but even that would scarcely account for the burning heat of his hand as he touched that of his guest.

But the earl's face was colourless, and free from the very suspicion of fever, and Mr. Meynard could only draw his own conclusions from the involuntary sign of agitation.

"After all he had more feeling for his brother than I imagined," was his reflection as the man took him to the dining-room for a truly well-served French meal.

But Lord Treville's first words, when once more left alone, scarcely bore out that conclusion.

"Falconer, Falconer? Heaven help me! Can it be that the dead are come to life, and that my sin will at length find me out?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And hold me there in everlasting rest.

The long day is o'er,

I am weary, I would sleep;

But deep, deep,

Never to wake more.

CORA ST. CROIX had comprehended the whole danger as she caught the ominous sound of the old man's voice and the officer's rapid footsteps. Another moment and all might be lost.

She could trust nothing to the bewildered senses and cramped limbs of her companion, and for a brief interval she was in hopeless terror and despair.

The next had brought her more hopeful thoughts and invention in the crisis.

She grasped Lord Belfort's arm with a significant pressure and hastily drew him within the shelter of a friendly heap of stones, which had been left by the masons engaged in building some new stables, and which had caught her quick eyes as she examined the spot some hours before.

Meanwhile the man had rushed by, leaving the coast clear, and, without a moment's loss of time, Cora whispered a low word of hope and direction to her companion, and the two darted off in the opposite path from that the officer had taken.

A few minutes of such speed brought them to a private gate, of which Lady Marian's pass key furnished the egress.

And then, after a pause to gain breath, Cora led the way over one of the stone stiles peculiar to the county, and up a steep but not dangerous path that appeared to become quickly lost in a neighbouring waterfall, which Ernest guessed to be the narrow but beautiful cascade of Tibbenthwaite Gill, albeit his long absence had impaired his geographical knowledge of the neighbourhood.

"Whither would you take me? What end can there be to this wild path, Cora?" said Ernest, despondingly, for his strength and nerves had alike failed with the long ordeal he had suffered.

"To the quarry, if needful," she whispered. "You will be safe there whatever betides. No one could dream of looking for you there."

But it was a task more easily planned than performed.

Cora's antique dress was tucked round her to facilitate her movements, and Ernest's page's suit was favourable for the necessary activity which that steep pass required.

But the bewildering darkness, the precipitous descent at the side of the path, which made every step a hazard, and the constant terror lest every object might turn out to be a human being instead of an inanimate bush or stone, and the weakness of the fugitive himself, added to the difficulty and danger of that night walk.

But at length the moon glimmered forth just in time to display the whiter surface of the quarry which Cora's bold ideas had selected for a hiding-place.

In truth it might have concealed an army in its wild recesses, and as Ernest looked down he shuddered at the gloom and loneliness of that rock-bound retreat.

It was more like a huge grave than the refuge of any human being.

"It is impossible. We can never get down with safety," he said, shriekingly.

"We must; it is our only chance," she said. "Persons might pass this way who would at once be attracted by the reward offered and the description of your appearance. But once in that cavern we shall be safe till we can start away again as the night falls to-morrow, and by degrees reach the seashore and ensure your escape."

He could not be a coward when a girl, young, delicate and foreign bred, led the way.

And, though his head was giddy, and his limbs trembled from long confinement and the faintness of exhaustion, he prepared to attempt the deep and dangerous descent.

Cora was before him; she had not waited to receive his assent to a plan she knew to be inevitable, unless all that had yet been risked were to be lost.

She courageously lowered her light figure by the aid of every stone and bushy plant that grew in the clefts of those gray, rugged rocks.

Her hands clung firmly to every passing support, and if Ernest had been less completely crushed in strength and spirits he would have led the way in the dangerous course.

But as it was he could only follow slowly, and therefore perhaps more dangerously in the path.

Still for some three-parts of the descent he had managed to avoid any actual peril.

And Cora was already at the bottom, her hopes

rising with every step her charge took and each yard that was diminished in the remaining space, when, either from a sudden giddiness or a false step, Lord Belfort slipped, and rolled down the remainder of the way till arrested by the hard level of the excavated ground.

Cora had not screamed—nay, she had even the presence of mind to rush to the exact spot, and break in a measure his concussion with the earth, or such a blow on the head as he might have received would have been fatal.

But her very heart sank, and she felt a cold sensation as if the very blood in her veins was chilled at the sight.

"Have I killed him?"

Such was her first involuntary exclamation, and Ernest caught the agony of the tone with a gratified pleasure that roused him in the very midst of his own pain and danger.

"No, no, bravest, dearest," he moaned, with all the strength he could command. "I am safe—at least I think so."

But as he tried to rise, as he moved the leg that had in some way doubled under him, a cry of irrepressible pain escaped him.

"What is it? Have you hurt your leg?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I am afraid so. It hurts me dreadfully when I move; but I do not think it is broken," he said, trying to smile and speak cheerfully.

Cora silently placed a stone to support him while he endeavoured to ascertain whether a bone was broken.

"I think it is the ankle," he said. "It is there where I feel the pain, and I suspect the bone is out of joint or sprained in some way. I am clearly a mark for ill fortune," he added, smiling faintly. "Cora, I am selfish to draw you into my evil fate. Leave me to myself; I will struggle no longer. Why should I drag you into my misery? Go, dear Cora. You are as yet safe from suspicion. Leave me to my fate. It is but life for life," he added, with a sad shake of the head. "I ought not to complain."

"I will not go," she replied, firmly. "I have no such bright prospects as to make sorrow or danger at all terrible to me. Only try to bear up and we shall manage to escape even yet."

She took from the pocket of her ample skirt some of the refreshments she had secured ere leaving the Court.

Wine and sandwiches, and, as it luckily happened, a small flask of brandy and a liberal supply of biscuits were among the stores, and with a dreary smile and even gay tone of voice the noble girl strove to revive her own and her companion's courage as she shared with him some of the reviving food and stimulant.

"There," she said, cheerfully, after the pallor of pain and exhaustion had in a measure passed from her companion's cheeks and lips. "Now let me bind up this same ankle and make you as comfortable a resting-place as possible, and even if you have at all sprained it rest and time will be sure remedies; and, besides, if you are a longer time here than we intended I am sure we shall be safe. No one will think of looking down in this gloomy cavern, and few are aware of the very existence of the place except some of the natives and veteran dalesmen."

As she spoke she busied herself in arranging the most effectual couch she could contrive in the rude, desolate place. The cloak which had been thrown over the "page's" left shoulder served as a protection from the rough, hard stones; a large Indian shawl that Cora had wound round her own shoulders made a pillow for the invalid's head; and then, when she had with some difficulty assisted the patient on to this luxurious bed, she prepared to unbuckle the shoe and to examine and bind the ankle, which already began to swell, somewhat perhaps to the relief of Ernest's suffering.

It was inexpressibly sweet to the young nobleman to be thus tended. And yet, to do him justice, he never attempted by word or look or gesture to transgress the bounds of the respect due to one so brave and yet so unprotected as the noble girl.

It was not till all had been done that was practicable under the circumstances, and Cora at last placed herself, weary and exhausted, on a large stone and leaned wearily against the hard support of the rock, that he did more than express the fervent gratitude of his feelings by a brief word or irrepressible look of admiring surprise and thankfulness at her skill and courage.

There was silence between them for some minutes when her task was done.

The minds of both were perhaps occupied by the same thoughts—thoughts of the past and present and future that had at once grief, remorse and a mingling of sweetness in their bitterness.

Ernest was the first to speak.

"Cora," he said, "I have often wondered in my

hours of solitude that I have been condemned to of late why you have helped and risked so much for me. You always avoided—nay, seemed to dislike me in happier days. Why do you act so differently now?"

Cora smiled half bitterly.

"Is there not a difference between being an intimate friend of a person and rendering assistance when in deep trouble or danger?" she replied, evasively.

"And that is all—only pity?" he asked, in a husky tone. "Well, I can expect no more, as I must appear treacherous and guilty in your eyes. Only, when I thought of the whole past, of your bond to poor—poor Carew, and the light in which I must appear to you, I should have rather expected hate and disgust than even pity at your hands."

She was silent. She barely comprehended perhaps even her own feelings.

"Lady Marian's happiness seemed to depend on your escape and safety," she said, at last.

"Marian is a dear, kind, sisterlike girl," he said, impatiently; "but I can scarcely flatter myself that my fate could influence her happiness, except perhaps incite a passing feeling of regret for an old playfellow and companion. And you surely are not sufficiently acquainted with her to sacrifice everything for her sake. Cora, you are not like yourself to make that a reason; not frank and candid, as I know you to be at heart. But I have perhaps no right to question you," he added, mournfully.

She looked with a quick, lightning glance that he perhaps scarcely even perceived on his face. His eyes were downcast, and he had an unmistakable pensiveness in his whole expression far more touching than the fierce light and half-cynical look on his careless features.

"You are right perhaps," she said. "I was not altogether frank when I said that. Yet it had some influence with me. I could not bear to see her so sad and yet so helpless. She has a true, genuine affection for you, my lord, and you would be wrong were you to think of her ungratefully."

"Still I do not believe—nor do I wish to believe—that it is anything but a truly sisterly affection," he said, sadly. "Marian Biddulph could never be anything more to me, and I hope she does not even desire any but such love from me."

"But," he went on, with a sudden start as if the present had occupied him, "what an idiot I am to even think or speak of such folly, as if the heiress of the Biddulphs could bestow a thought upon a poor fugitive against whom the warrant of a felon is already issued."

"Do you suppose love depends on such accidents as that?" asked Cora, coldly. "If I were as rich and noble as Lady Marian it would not affect my feelings concerning one I believed worthy of love. So long as he did not lose my confidence and sympathy I would despise any other distinctions. Sorrow would only bind me closer to him."

"You think so now. Would that you may ever be as noble and true," he said, sadly. "If I had always believed in such a character as yours, Cora, it would have changed much that I am now ashamed to remember."

Again there was a pause, after which Ernest resumed, in a more calm and serious tone:

"Cora, I have often fancied you must have thought that I was not candid or honourable to your guardian's daughter. May I, without seeming vain or presumptuous, tell you the whole truth?"

"It can matter little to me, but if you wish I would gladly hear what you have to say," replied Cora, with a somewhat averted face.

"Then I will be brief," he said. "In justice to the dead, as well as to myself, I must not enter on details that are better buried in the past. But this much I may say, that from my very childhood, ay, and before Netta's birth, plans had been formed for a union of our families; and I in the vain presumption of youth was rather pleased at the idea of holding the destiny of a young and lovely girl in my hand, to claim her or not at my pleasure. I might perhaps have carried it out, I might have either played with Netta's vanity and gratified my own, and finally acted as was most in consonance with my own wayward fancy had I not seen you, Cora. That was enough. From that hour I knew that Netta Carew could never be my wife."

"Mr. Carew agreed but too well with me in both ideas. He saw that I had no intention of claiming his daughter's hand. His jealousy was equally quick sighted as to my feelings to yourself," added the young man, sadly. "Cora, can it be that you were blind to Mr. Carew's feelings, to the wild attachment he conceived for his daughter's companion, his own ward? Surely you comprehend now the whole working of the affair and the cause of the fatal encounter between us?"

The girl had bowed her head down to her very knees.

It was perhaps nothing new to her, but it was now

put in more tangible words and saddened her to the very dust. Why had she this fatal gift of fascination and beauty? Surely it must be a chastening curse rather than a gift. As yet it had brought her nothing but misery and danger and disgrace.

CHAPTER XXV.

Oh, say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion flows;
She loves and loves for ever.

A NIGHT and day had nearly drawn to a close over the two fugitives in their strange retreat, and still no help had reached them any more than any danger of discovery or intrusion.

Ernest Belfort's ankle did not improve; the pain and swelling were rather increasing, though perhaps that result was but natural under such circumstances, and Cora had no remedy save the cooling stream that flowed at their feet, in which she continually bathed the cloth which wrapped the inflamed and injured limb.

The refreshments were rapidly diminishing too—the two biscuits and some of the wine were left—and they would scarcely last them for twenty-four hours longer.

Ernest was in no state even to think of a removal being possible for a day or two to come, and a new danger threatened them, that of actual starvation.

What was to be done? Where could food be obtained?

There was but one answer to such a question. Cora must apply to some innocent, unsuspecting cottager near the spot.

The frank wives of the dalesmen would scarcely fear or even wonder where a young girl was the applicant.

And the only precaution that could be observed was to choose an hour when the men of the neighbourhood would be away at their work, and their more prying observation removed from the applicant for aid.

"You will not mind my leaving you? you can trust my return?" Cora said, glancing by the rude impromptu couch of her patient.

"I am not quite such an ungrateful man," he replied, "albeit there is something awestrking in a helpless imprisonment in this place even to the stoutest heart. But I can trust you with life, and more than life, Cora. You will not leave me to perish; better end my life at once than such lingering agony."

His very brain seemed whirling at the idea, and Cora could but soothe his troubled nerves with promises that he knew were never made in vain, and a sister's caressing kiss on his brow which he felt to be a very seal of her words.

Poor girl! she only thought of his suffering and his danger. She was as yet utterly unconscious of aught save that he clung to her in his extremity, and that in her inmost heart she believed Sibbald Carew had been at once the aggressor and the weak slave of his own passions; the risk had been equal, the places might have been reversed; the younger might have been lying in his grave, and the elder and more responsible one flying from justice. Surely Ernest Belfort's crime was palliated by such reflections.

And Cora's heart softened to him as she agilely climbed the steep ascent and then paused for a moment to consider her path.

It could scarcely admit of doubt.

Before her was but a narrow path leading to the falls, broken by steep ladders and rotten plank bridges at intervals.

There might be a chance of finding some friendly cottage ere the road turned off behind the green hills that concealed the rugged beauty behind, and thither Cora hastened her steps.

This time she was untrammelled by the feebleness of her companion, and she bounded along the narrow path as fearlessly as in the meads and park of Carew Manor, till she came within sight of a white cottage within the group of bushes and tall ferns that nearly hid the lower windows of the rustic dwelling. It looked promising for her object in its simplicity and solitude.

Milk and oat-cake or some such homely food that would sustain life would scarcely be refused, and Cora flew on with increased rapidity as she thought she could see the goal of her race. The door was reached, and though it was closed and silence reigned around yet the girl did not pause ere she tapped at the entrance with her slender knuckles as vehemently as far stronger muscles could have summoned the inmates.

There was stillness for a few moments.

Then Cora thought she heard a whispering and a

cautious movement, and after a brief interval the latch was lifted, and a woman appeared of perhaps some thirty or more years, fresh complexioned, bright eyed, and straight featured, of the true mountain type.

"Can you give me some food?" said Cora, after a courteous good day to the hostess. "I will gladly pay for anything you have to part with, however homely."

"What's good for us is good for others," was the brusque reply, "but we don't keep a shop."

"But you have kind hearts, I hope, and can be sorry for a wanderer, who is in distress for refreshment and able to pay for it," returned Cora, proudly. "There can be no disgrace in that."

"But suppose we have only enough for ourselves and don't want to part with it, what then?" said the woman. "Besides, I have folks with me who don't care to be disturbed, so you'd best be off with you, lassie. I want none of you nor your money."

"Surely you'll not turn me from your door when I tell you I am in this lone place without food or shelter?" remonstrated the girl, earnestly.

"You're within two or three miles of a town, there are shops there, that's enough for me," returned the unmoved woman.

And she was about to close the door on the indignant applicant when a voice seemed to summon her to the interior of the cottage, and, only partially closing the door, she retreated within for a few seconds.

Cora hesitated during the brief interval whether to retire from the inhospitable precincts or wait till the ungracious hostess returned.

But there was no other dwelling in sight, and, whatever her inclinations might prompt, it would have been an imprudent indulgence of resentment to give up any chance of accomplishing her object, and she waited impatiently for the result.

A few minutes that appeared an hour to her impatience passed, and then the woman reappeared with a half-sullen, yielding expression on her face.

"Ye can come in and rest," she said, "while I get the food, but ye cannot bide long, or my good man will be back and soon turn you from the house, and me after you belike."

"Nay, if your husband will be angry," began Cora, drawing back.

But the woman placed her hand upon the girl's slender arm and drew her forward with an irresistible though no violent force.

"There. I'll be back with meat and milk but now," she said, pointing to a sort of wooden settle near the fire which in spite of the season was grateful to the tired and chilled girl.

Cora obeyed, glancing round with some anxiety to see the unknown interlocutor who seemed to have softened the woman's rough refusal to her prayer.

But no one seemed to be in the room. And she could only imagine that she had been mistaken in her fancies, and that the woman's retreat had been simply caused by a hesitating change of purpose.

Time passed on.

She could distinguish steps and moving of articles like crockery and rustling of dress and crackling of paper in an apartment within the one where she sat.

But, though she thought she could distinguish low whispering from time to time, she was not sure that she did not confuse it with the singing of the kettle on the fire and the loud purring of the cat on the hearth.

At last she became uneasy at the delay. The sun was fast disappearing behind the horizon, and ere long she might find it a difficulty to retrace her way, besides the alarm that the helpless sufferer would feel as the light faded into gloom.

Better return with her object only half or not at all accomplished than risk such a catastrophe. She rose, moved the chairs and settle as noisily as she could in hope of causing some signal to her hostess.

Still there was no indication of her return, and Cora determined to take a summary leave of the cottage without bidding its inmates farewell. She went to the door. It was fastened in some manner that she could not succeed in undoing, and in new and painful alarm she flew to the inner door and knocked violently in hope of bringing some one from the interior to her release.

This time she distinctly heard voices conversing, and again she repeated the application more vehemently than before, and was about to add her voice to the other outcry when the door opened and Rupert Falconer stood before her!

(To be continued.)

AN HISTORICAL MULBERRY TREE.—In the garden of the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital there is a mulberry tree which is said to have grown from a slip taken from one which grew over the grave of the two

princes who were murdered in the Tower. It is now in full bearing and yielding excellent fruit.

SCIENCE.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN TELEGRAPHY.—A most important discovery in telegraphy now enables the operator to send two messages in opposite directions through the cable at once. It has been actually used on a section of the Eastern Telegraph's line, between Lisbon and Gibraltar, and Malta and Alexandria, and can be applied, the operators believe, to much longer sections. We sincerely hope it will, and that the public will at last get communication between England and India at reasonable rates. To business men price may make little difference, but to the public a rate of 4*l.* for ten words is practically prohibitory. We want a communication at two shillings a word as the maximum rate of charge.

THE BRAIN.—This organ has been studied with three objects: the descriptive anatomy of its parts, the comparison between the brains of man and apes, the illustration of function. After a pretty careful study of specimens and the consultation of all works in which brains are accurately delineated, we feel justified in asserting that we cannot as yet characterize the fissural pattern of any mammalian order, family, genus, or even species, without the risk that the next specimen will invalidate our conclusion; that our studies in this direction should be based upon the careful comparison of accurate drawings of a much larger number of specimens than now exist in any museum; that nearly allied forms of carnivora should be compared; and that the most satisfactory results are obtainable from large series of foetal and young brains of the same species, and, if possible, family and sex, in order to eliminate minor differences.

TO PURIFY TALLOW.—In order to obtain tallow quite free from smell, and to preserve it for a long time without becoming rancid, the following simple process may be used. The fresh tallow is melted in boiling water, and when completely dissolved, and consequently hot, it is passed through a linen filter—it is then boiled along with the water and carefully skimmed—then rendered solid by cooling and washing with water, and lastly separated from it carefully by pressure. It may be melted at a moderate heat and preserved in earthen vessels, covered with a bladder, paper, or good closing lid. If the linen filter is not thick enough to keep other ingredients from passing through besides the liquid tallow and water, it is better to repeat the filtration. Tallow thus obtained may be used for ordinary food, for pomades by the addition of pure olive oil, for salves and plasters, by the addition of white wax, and may be kept well preserved for a time, as free from smell as when first prepared.

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.—Mr. Ormsbee has invented a new life-preserver, which he also calls the "Pleasure Swimmer and Cushions Combined." The principle on which Mr. Ormsbee bases his invention is that the body in itself is self-sustaining, and his preserver consists simply of two sleeves of india-rubber, which, after being drawn on the arms, can be inflated by blowing in them, when they will sustain the body on the surface of the water in any position the swimmer may assume. The sleeves are so made that they can be adjusted on the arms and inflated in fifteen seconds. When not on the person, and when partially inflated, the preservers can be used either as cushions or pillows, and were a timid person in a vessel at sea he might adjust the sleeves on his arms, and while they furnished him with an excellent pillow he might feel certain of being safe from death by drowning. When in the water a person wearing this preserver can float any number of hours or days, carrying an umbrella for protection from the sun and sufficient cigars to insure his comfort.

EFFECT OF CAST-IRON STOVES.—Some time ago a paper was read before the French Academy of Science, in which the evil consequences of using cast-iron stoves were forcibly dealt with. Little, however, was the interest excited in the matter at the time, but the subject has more recently been brought forward with better success. Dr. Carret, one of the physicians to the Hôtel Dieu in Chambéry, plainly denounces cast-iron stoves as an absolute source of danger to those who use them, and he claims to base his denunciations upon positive facts. It appears that during an epidemic which prevailed in Savoy Dr. Carret observed that all the inhabitants who were affected by it used cast-iron stoves which had recently been imported into the country. On the other hand he observed that all those who used other kinds of stoves or adopted other modes of firing escaped the disease. Another circumstance bearing on the same interesting question occurred in the Lycœum of Chambéry, where an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out. This outbreak is regarded

by Dr. Carret as having been influenced or superinduced by a large cast-iron stove in the dormitory of that establishment.

THE HEART AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—Dr. Marcy has recently demonstrated that the heart acts like all mechanical motors in that the frequency of the pulsations varies according to the resistance which it meets in driving the blood through the vessels. When the resistance becomes greater the throbs diminish; they accelerate, on the contrary, if the opposition becomes less. During life the action of the nervous centres makes itself felt on the heart, of which it renders the pulsations slower or quicker, whatever may be the resistance experienced. Dr. Marcy eliminated this nervous influence by removing the heart of an animal and causing it to work under purely mechanical conditions. The heart of a turtle was arranged with a system of rubber tubes representing veins and arteries. Cal's blood, defibrinated, was caused to circulate, and a registering instrument noted the amplitude and frequency of the movements of the organ. When the tube containing the blood leaving the heart was compressed the liquid accumulated in rear of the obstacle and the heart emptied itself with greater difficulty, the pulsations weakening perceptibly. On relaxing the pressure, thus allowing free course to the blood, the throbs accelerated rapidly.

STEEL.

WHAT is termed steel is iron with a small proportion of carbon in it. These two ingredients are necessary to constitute steel; and there may or may not be present in very small quantities graphite, silicon, manganese, sulphur, and phosphorus. In samples tried the quantity of carbon varied from one-third per cent. to nearly 1 per cent.; yet with this small variation in the carbon the strength ranged from 33 tons to nearly 53 tons per inch; and the ductility, represented by the ratio which the fractured area bore to the original section of the bar, varied from 5-10ths in the tough qualities, until in the harder samples there was no diminution perceptible. All these materials are called steel, and have the same external appearance; but possessing, as they do, such a range of strength and such a variation in ductility, it becomes absolutely essential that there should be some classification or means of knowing the respective qualities among them. The want of such classifications casts an air of uncertainty over the whole question of steel, and impedes its application.

To this want of knowledge is to be ascribed the circumstance that many professional men regard the material as altogether unreliable, while large consumers of steel, in consequence of the uncertainty of the quality they buy in the market, seek to establish works on their own premises and make their own steel. This step has already been taken by one of the large railway companies, and is contemplated by one of the principal constructive departments of the Government.

The magnificent work designed by Mr. Bouch for crossing the Firth of Forth consists of a suspension bridge in two spans, each of 1,600ft. between the supports. To construct this work in iron with a working strain of five tons to the inch would involve such weight of material and magnitude of strain as to render it virtually impracticable; but in tough steel, capable of bearing 8 tons per inch, it is practicable to accomplish it and even larger spans. Mr. Bouch has designed the chains of this bridge to be made of steel; and, in addition to the honour which must attach to his name as the originator of this great and important work, he is further entitled to the merit of being the first engineer to break through the restrictions which confine our engineering structures to wrought iron, and to brave the difficulties which surround the employment of steel for railway works in this country. Not only is a large and useful field for the employment of steel practically closed, but the progress of improvement in engineering structures is impeded both in this country and in other parts of the world where English engineers are engaged; for, in consequence of the impediments to its employment in England very few English engineers turn their attention to the use of steel. They are accustomed to make their designs for iron, and when engaged in works abroad where the Board of Trade does not apply they continue for the most part to send out the old-fashioned ponderous girders of common iron in cases where the freight and difficulties of carriage make it extremely desirable that structures of less weight and more easy of transport should be employed.

We possess in steel a material which has been proved, by the numerous uses to which it is applied, to be of great capability and value; we know that it is used for structural purposes in other countries, as, for example, in the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge in America, a bridge of three arches, each 500ft. span; yet in this country, where "modern steel" has originated and has been brought to its present state of perfection, we are obstructed by some de-

ficiency in our own arrangements, and by the absence of suitable regulations by the Board of Trade from making use of it in engineering works.

It will naturally be asked why it is that steel is not used in these structures if such manifest advantages would result from its employment. The reason is twofold:—1st. There is a want of confidence as to the reliability of steel in regard to its toughness and its power to resist fracture from sudden strain. 2nd. Steel is produced of various qualities, and we do not possess the means, without elaborate testing, of knowing whether the article presented to us is of the required quality for structural purposes. A third reason, arising probably out of those before mentioned, is found in the fact that in the regulations of the Board of Trade relative to railway structures, although rules are given for the employment of cast iron and wrought iron, steel has not, up to the present time, been recognized or provided for.

We have instances in which steel rails break with the jar produced in being thrown off the waggons on to the ballast, and there is no doubt of the fact that steel is made and sold which is cold-short, and not reliable for use for engineering purposes. This irregularity appears to rise mainly from the difference in chemical constituents of the metal or ores employed, or in the process pursued by different makers. An element of uncertainty appears to be that in modern and rapidly made steels the precise time allotted to the several stages of the process, the degree of heat employed, and a variety of other circumstances have to be carefully observed, and any inaccuracy in carrying out the required conditions affects the quality of steel produced. Nevertheless, it is known that in the Bessemer process, if ores or metal of suitable chemical qualities are used and the process of manipulation is properly performed, the quality of metal produced is certain and regular in its results. In the processes of Dr. Siemens there is not the same necessity for purity in the ore of metal required, the nature of the process being such as to eliminate some of the ingredients which would prevent toughness being obtained, while tests may be made during the process of manipulation so as to ascertain that the metal is of the quality sought before it is run off into the ingot mould.

There are small arms made entirely of steel, of wonderful range and accuracy, capable of penetrating 34 half-inch planks, which is about three times the penetrating power of the Enfield rifle. There are the large guns also entirely of steel, throwing projectiles from 250lb. to 310lb. in weight, and burning from 40lb. to 50lb. of powder at a charge, with which a range of nearly 6½ miles is obtained. In both these cases the degree of strength and toughness required in the metal is much greater than is necessary for engineering structures.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the toughness of the metal. Steel of the strength of 33 or 36 tons per inch can be made, and is made in large quantities at moderate price, possessing all the toughness and malleability required in engineering structures.

ALLHALLOWS CHURCH.—It is stated that the Church of Allhallows, Broad Street, is to be removed. It was in this church that John Milton was baptized, and the following register may be seen in the vestry:—"The xth day of December, 1808, was baptized John, the son of John Milton, Scrivener." The font which was then used is still there.

WORTH RECORDING.—"My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir; and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls" (and he might have added boys also) "good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon, because he doesn't loosen his purse-string whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened." So said a progressive Kilkenny farmer, a kind, appreciative, proud father, and a big-hearted man on general principles. What he said is worth recording.

HARVEST SUPPLICATIONS IN FORMER DAYS.—The recent most unfavourable weather for harvest work calls to mind how some of the ministers of former days made reference to similar calamities in their pulpit services. Forty years ago, in the Church of Aberlour, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, then minister of the parish, offered up this petition Sunday after Sunday—"Oh! Thou—o' Harvests: Do Thou keep us from shakan win's, rotan rains, pinchan frosts, an' blastan mill-dows." We are told, however, though, we hope, by way of a little imaginary embellishment to the story, that after the reverend gentleman's own crop was under "thack and raip," it would have excited as great surprise in his congregation to have heard this prayer as to have heard the

note of the cuckoo after its harvest migration. Somewhere in the Buchan district a minister is said to have had the following, among other things, in his morning's prayer:—"Rain down raisins and the best fruits in Thy basket upon us Thy people; but for the Bishop ministers, sweep them off the earth with the besom of destruction."

COACHING NOTES.

THE run on Tattersall's for coachhorses will be kept up for some time. The teams of Mr. Angell, of the Guildford, when brought to the hammer, fetched an average of 46 gs. Some of them were as compact and well matched as have been seen in many of the drags during the season, and next year there will be the same road, worked by the same hands, and with the same care and excellence in the teams.

The Westerham sold twenty horses, four of which had been with the hounds. The other day the good people of Westerham invited the proprietors, Sir H. de Bathe, Major Furnival and Mr. Godsell, to a dinner, and from the good wishes expressed by the powers that be in that little hamlet the stage will be perpetuated for many years to come.

The twenty horses of the Westerham and the thirty-two of the Watford, sold on the same day, give the buyers of machineries a capital pick of fifty-two horses that have all earned a warranty by a season's work. The Watford, Mr. Sedgwick's venture, has had sufficient encouragement to ensure its reappearing in '74, notwithstanding the fact that a bachelor will no longer be on the box. The Westerham, though working a road entirely rustic, and dealing in the picturesque, will not be short when accounts are balanced of more than the worth of one horse apiece.

The Wycombe, a route that Mr. Eden has popularized amongst the north-west of town, sold its horses on the 6th Oct.; and Mr. Tiffany held the Brighton sales on the 13th Oct. It was said that this gallant American was going to continue in England what he has done in Paris, viz., to drive through the winter, but after the experience of winter traffic gained on this route by Mr. Pole he is wise in reserving his energies for another good season in '74.

The Weybridge sold on the sixth. Mr. Williams and Capt. Otway have nothing to regret in having lengthened their route from Sunbury; the next year no doubt they will commence their running with the longer road. It was quite refreshing to find that the magistrate the other day, before whom Mr. Williams summoned an obstructive drayman, took a prompt view of the case, and by fining the independent carter gave that amiable race of men to understand that the public road was not made for their especial convenience. If a few of the market-garden waggons who habitually select the middle of the road and doze on the way home would also be enlivened by a fine the Kensington road might at last become passable.

The afternoon Dorking coach will run till the end of October. Tanbridge Wells finished on the 11th. The last down journey of the Brighton was on the 4th; and they finished the season with the up journey on the 6th.

J. G. C.

SILK SUPPLY.—The increased price of labour, of coal, etc., the scarcity and consequent increase in the price of silk of late years, each has its particular bearing upon the trade, though each is different. Those acquainted with the silk trade know there is a deficiency in the supply of the staple article, which has been increasing for upwards of fifteen years. China, Japan, and other countries being unable to meet the demands of the Western trade, the supply was still left deficient. And it is generally admitted that the one great need of the silk trade at the present time is an ample supply of good quality silk at moderate price. How to obtain this is the question most immediately requiring an answer. It has been argued that, following the visit of the Shah to this country and other European nations, the history of Persia will enter upon a new era, and that the development of the country will commence. One of the results of this, it is expected, will be the importation from Persia to this country of large quantities of fine silk. But as this is not yet an accomplished fact it will be wise to ascertain, if possible, whether there be no new fields whence silk can be exported. This, no doubt, means also fields where the silkworm and mulberry tree can be cultivated. An eminent authority on this subject says that many of our vast colonial possessions are admirably adapted for the rearing of silkworms, and that the mulberry tree will flourish luxuriantly, the climate being admirably adapted to both processes. Especially are the African colonies favoured, Natal being peculiarly adapted both in climate and soil to this purpose. In those countries there are fields of rich promise open to the

enterprise of capitalists, and the suitability of the climate, etc., to the operations of the silk produce have been fully demonstrated by experiments. In Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and India there are numerous districts of many thousands of acres admirably adapted to the production of silk. It is even said that there are in the British colonies silk-producing capabilities equal in the aggregate to the present silk production of the world, and it is not saying too much to state that in America there can be found as many more.

CATRINE.

THE last years of the fifteenth century and the earlier ones of the sixteenth comprised a period in the world's history of which few are as wonderful and startling. The various expeditions and discoveries in the new world, the wondrous narratives of Columbus, Verrazani, Ponce de Leon and Ferdinand de Soto that fired the hearts and avarice of the leading powers to new conquests of golden shores, the absorption of Castile and Aragon into old Spain, the rule of Emperor Charles V. of Germany over Spain as its Charles I., and his overthrow and capture of Francis, King of France, and Henry, King of Navarre, are events that make the period one of unflagging interest to the student or philosopher.

The thread of our narrative leads us back to this time of great events. The strong castle of Pavia, that had witnessed the overthrow of the young King of France, now served as a stronghold for the incarceration of many of the noble courtiers who, despite unavailing heroism and madness of hopeless conflict, were conquered with the overthrow of their ruler's standard. Their haughty conqueror, Charles I., had just arrived in gorgeous pomp with a large retinue of nobles and beauties of his court to hold a feast over his victories and lend additional zest to the occasion by condemning those of his enemies who were here at his mercy.

Among all these noble prisoners none could in advance of his condemnation read his fate so well as the noblest among them, Prince D'Adelbert, for he had clear remembrance of how, unlike other more craven nobles of his own native Castile, he had refused to bow to their usurper, Charles, and hastened to join the brave Henry, being declared a rebel therefore by the ruler of his country and condemned to death if captured. Being captured the sentence was sure to follow.

"Heigho!" he sighed, looking out through the small, strongly barred aperture of his dungeon upon the merry throngs in the court that was almost on a level with him, "perchance ere the morrow's sunset I will be lending sport to these merry-makers by my head being presented to them fresh from the executioner's axe as a football. 'Twill be well over; I shirk it not."

Thus he continued to commune with himself until a new object attracted his eye.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, starting in eager surprise, "yonder little brown gipsy, tripping over the stone pave, is certainly not a stranger to me; so witching a face need never require consent to become engraved upon one's heart for ever. By my faith, I remember now, 'tis no other than the mysterious little wood-nymph whom I once rescued from banditti in the forests of Aragon, and rode away with on my saddle, to find her by some necromantic trick steal away fairly out of my arms at the first village we came to."

His eager glance upon her must intuitively have given her some warning, for she hastily looked up, blushed scarlet through the brown of her cheeks, and dropped the delicate vase filled with scented water that she had been balancing between her beautifully tapered fingers.

She gazed down upon the fragments half comically, half sorrowfully, exclaiming, pettishly:

"My pretty vase spoiled! Would that thy head had been elsewhere than to frighten a simple maid."

"A fair exchange let it be then, my charming one," answered he, laughingly. "My head for your vase. It shall be handed to you to-morrow eve on the head of a pike."

She gasped and the brown of her cheeks turned white now, but only for an instant.

"An unfair exchange. I call upon all here to testify, Sir Impertinence," she flashed back, with ringing laugh. "An empty receptacle for a full one, surely."

She turned and was half way up the stone steps leading out of the court when his call made her pause.

"Will you not have some heart for once and carry a last gift of mine to its destination, Miss Mischief?"

"Prythee will I," she rang back, in the same tone of badinage, "conditioned that 'tis thy virtues thou wouldst bestow on a friend, all which I may carry to him as a pinch of seasoning twist: my thumb and finger."

"Wrong there, Spice-box! I would convey no

less than my heart to a little brown maiden who once in the forests of Aragon hesitated not to wrap her dimpled arms round my neck."

The blush was again back on her cheeks, and her eyes again sought out the fragments on the pavement.

"Forsooth," she murmured, "the maiden must have been seeking safety from even a greater ogre than yourself, if that were possible, to make her commit so bold an act. But 'twill be 'love's labour lost' to convey the proffered heart to her, for, if a sensible maiden, she'll refuse to deal in damaged articles."

She had sprung up the remaining steps and was out of sight ere he could flash back an answer to her saucy words.

This did not prove to be the last time that Prince D'Adelbert was destined to see a fair familiar face among his enemies at Pavia. A light tap came to his dungeon door some hours after his combat of words with his little brown stranger sprite through the bars of his prison window. Without awaiting an invitation to enter the door swung back and he found the petite form of a woman in his arms, with her arms so tightly intertwined around his neck that he almost choked, and it was some moments before he could realize himself enough to secure a look at his assailant.

"My dear, witching cousin, Dona Annita!" he exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight, embracing her now with as much fervour as he had been the recipient of a moment previous. "When came you from Andalusia, and what, pray, is it that induces you to favour Pavia with your sweet presence? Poor, poor Andalusia! a sad fate has indeed befallen you in the loss of all that made up your charms."

"Waste not your flattery, for I am quite impervious to it," the beautiful dona laughingly replied. "Be content to know that I form one of our monarch's court. But, ah," she added, with sudden change to a trembling voice and sad face, "it is to serve you if I can that I have come in your dungeon at this hour. Know you that you will be condemned to-morrow?"

"I have learned it with pleasure. The farce can be laughed at better if it precedes the tragedy."

"And that the emperor hates you?"

"Then he will not die of heart-break that I have refused him my love."

"But you will certainly be condemned to death! Think you I can let you be cruelly murdered? You must escape this very night, my dear cousin."

"From this dungeon! That is impossible."

"Have you yet to learn that nothing is impossible to a woman who loves?"

"But my honour! dear Annita—my manhood!"

"Who may question either in a D'Adelbert?"

"But the means of escape—"

"Listen, my cousin. The governor of the castle, a most worthy noble whom you will honour, has long been enamoured of me. I love him in return, but can you censure me that I have made the condition of my betrothal to him your escape from this castle? Obey me, therefore, and you will be beyond Pavia before the morn."

Blushing and trembling from maiden modesty at being forced to this revelation, she found herself again clasped impulsively within the arms of her cousin in gratitude. Extricating herself she continued:

"Disguised as one of my pages you will attach yourself to my retinue of servants and accompany me on my return to Madrid, which journey I have gained consent of the emperor to begin this eve on the plea of urgent business matters there."

"Alas, dear Annita, I must refuse you," he interrupted. "The risk to yourself is too great. I cannot do aught that will endanger your safety."

"Help me, Catrine," she cried, turning towards the entrance. "We must bring this unreasonable man to subjection."

He looked hastily to discover that the Catrine whom his cousin was addressing was standing silently in the dungeon, had probably been there during all that had passed, and was no other than the little witching, brown senorita whom he had conversed with from his prison window!

Being thus accosted she approached, but not until the prince had whispered to his cousin:

"I pray you tell me who this witching little beauty is."

"Ah, my cousin, beware! I read your secret," Dona Annita answered, patting him playfully on the cheek. "My maids are not to be fallen in love with in safety."

Then, without appearing to notice the saucy reply he made, she added, turning to her maid:

"What is that I perceive by your looks is weighing on your mind, Catrine?"

"Ah, my dear lady, I am not sure that I should not be very happy," she answered, with a gleam of mischief in her dark eyes. "You know the Marquis de

Morales? so charming, such a sweet dancer, and so wealthy? Well, the emperor has determined that I shall wed him to-morrow. I always did think him a delightful man, but—but—"

"I hate him!" angrily and impetuously interrupted the prince.

"Do you?" innocently inquired Catrine, with an arch lift of her eyebrows. "I think now that I like him well enough to—to—"

"I'll murder the presumptuous villain within an hour," exclaimed the prince, in a towering rage.

"But he may object to journeying to your dungeon simply to suffer martyrdom at your hands," she suggested.

"Then to reach him I will accept any means of escape."

"Good, good! Do you hear, Dona Annita? He has consented to let us save him," Catrine cried, clapping her hands wildly in her glee. "There is no time to be lost, however, as the guard will soon be changed. Here is your disguise, Sir Page—helm, cuirass and mantle, with a lute to grace your shoulders and thrum sweetness to your lady-love. Kneel, sirrah, and do homage to me, while with this liquid I transform you into a veritable Moor."

"Hold! you cannot gain my consent until I have your promise that, like myself, you return to Madrid with Dona Annita," the prince interrupted, eagerly.

"How you annoy me!" pettishly exclaimed Catrine. "I promise, if you will keep your peace now, that you will see me in her company to-morrow."

"And that you will not marry that detestable Morales?"

"Yes, yes, I agree—for the present at least, only do be quiet while I apply this liquid."

Ere she could avoid it he caught her up in his arms and kissed her. She was indignant, of course, but there was no time to spare for anything but pouting now.

An hour afterwards Dona Annita, accompanied by her attendants, left the castle of Pavia and the merry throngs gathered there about royalty, and turned her face towards Madrid, manifesting much anxiety to hasten away.

Her attendants numbered the same as when she had arrived at the castle, and there was nothing remarkable in the demeanour of herself and servants unless it might have been an evident anxiety to keep a certain one of her pages near to her always.

The guard in the castle as he passed the dungeon of Prince D'Adelbert at the dawn of the next morning peered through the narrow grating in the door and saw his prisoner contentedly sleeping. The emperor and his councillors when, several hours after, they visited the same dungeon to converse with their noble prisoner before assigning him to his doom saw only, when they entered, the figure of a little brown, gipsy-like creature, clinging to her guitar with one hand and rubbing her eyes in sleepy bewilderment with the other. When angrily questioned she knew nothing except that wandering in the labyrinth of passages in the castle, she had lost her way, until sleepy and tired she came to this apartment as a strange man was passing out of it, and with his consent she had entered it and must soon thereafter have fallen asleep, as she knew no more until disturbed in this manner.

There was the utmost consternation among the royal party at this dénouement, and many and confused were the excited theories advanced in the next few minutes to account for the escape.

When they grew calmer the emperor bethought himself to look after the guitar girl. It was too late; she had disappeared, she had darted through among them unperceived during their babel of conjectures, fled out of the castle, and then trace of her was lost.

It was only towards the evening of this day that a foam-covered steed overtook the party of Dona Annita, having on his back the form of the little brown guitar girl, in whom a close observer would also have recognized Catrine, the witching maid of the Dona Annita.

Prince D'Adelbert now first understood who had been the leading spirit in his escape, and the fearful risk to which this lowly maiden had exposed herself to give him time to flee beyond reach of his enemies.

We pass over a period of several weeks.

Dona Annita and her attendants had safely reached Madrid some time previous.

Prince D'Adelbert found his office of page to his lovely cousin so pleasant, particularly when the maid Catrine was near, that he would fain have continued in his disguise. But there was the utmost danger of discovery every day that he remained in Madrid; besides, Catrine mysteriously disappeared, and his most diligent search and inquiry did not reveal her retreat.

Saddened and despondent at her cruelty to him, he

listened to his cousin's counsel to make his way quietly into France before the emperor's return from Pavia and while suspicion did not rest upon him, and, caring little what befell him now, he left Madrid.

The emperor had returned to his capital and joined readily with his court in fêtes and scenes of the utmost gaiety and merriment.

On the first of the occasions after his return, one in which he was to receive the homage of many of his noblest subjects, the grand saloon of the palace presented a dazzling pageant of grace and beauty.

Charles sat on his throne complacently while the members of the court gilded before him, wishing to kiss his jewelled hands, murmuring some vow of loyalty or bit of flattery to tickle his self esteem. After them up through the magnificent arches came noble ladies, brocaded, jewelled and some of them coroneted, who also knelt and kissed his hand, except that in some instances, where desiring to be more gracious, he arose and of his own volition extended his hand to grasp theirs.

At length in the train he espied a most lovely maiden, costumed in magnificent robes and having the bearing of a lady of elevated rank; he seemed to recognize her, for a most pleased smile of welcome overspread his face, and he hastily arose, descended the steps leading from his throne, and with charming gallantry pressed her hand to his lips, exclaiming:

"Most welcome of all my noble guests, lovely Princess D'Anjou! Prythee, how have we offended thee that thou must give us worst penance by keeping the light of thy witching eyes from us so long?"

During this speech his eyes were greedily upon her, viewing her charms, but suddenly, unheralded and unperceived by her, a shade passed over his face, changing its smile to suspicion ere she replied, poutingly:

"How thou hast robbed us who have remained in Madrid, sire, by thy long absence in envied Pavia! Surely must thou have forgotten the light of my poor eyes in more witching ones there, to have detained thee away so long."

He was livid with rage ere she finished.

"By St. Ignacio! what a blind dolt I have been," he hissed hoarsely in her ear. "Thou speakest falsely when thou wouldst make me believe thine eyes were not in Pavia. Though as the little brown guitar girl thou didst liberate thy lover Prince D'Adelbert and scatter my wits now as Princess D'Anjou thou shalt pay dearly for thy folly!"

He turned away, and she passed on smilingly, none comprehending this by-play but Dona Annita, who hastened to the princess in great terror.

"Alas, my poor, poor Catrine, what danger have you brought upon yourself through your strange fancy to liberate my handsome cousin! You know the emperor never forgives an injury, and I tremble at the thought of what may betide you."

"Do not fear for me," the beautiful girl replied, gaily. "He dare not plot against my life, and whatever other form of revenge his hatred may take I shrink not from it, knowing that Prince D'Adelbert is safe!"

"Ah! do you love my cousin?"

"Yes, with deepest passion from the moment that I first beheld him when he saved me from the banditti."

"Then he knows—"

"Only that I am Catrine, a lady's maid, who ever scoffs at his proffers of love."

"Strange, sweet girl!" murmured the other as she pressed her to her heart in an ecstasy of admiration.

The masquerade following, on the same evening, the reception in the palace, had been at its height several hours when many who enacted a part in it missed from among its throngs the sprightliest, wittiest, sauciest and loveliest little creature that had shared their merriments. This witching incognito, dressed in the garb of an Andalusian flower girl, tired at last of unriddling the faces hidden beneath the masks, skipped away into one of the vacated reception rooms to be relieved for a little time of noise and confusion; but scarce had she entered ere she found herself faced by two masks in grim monkish dress. She had encountered them in the ball room many times during the evening and played many a prank upon them; she had read the riddle of their concealed faces and had not feared them, but now, encountering them alone in this room, she realized her danger and turned to flee.

She was too late; one of the masks sprang towards her with a keen, shining blade exposed in his hand and elevated to strike, exclaiming:

"Move a step or give alarm, Princess D'Anjou, and your life will be forfeited!"

"The emperor and his executioner," she gasped, piteously, as she sank helpless to the floor.

A year passed by, but still the mystery surrounding the fate of the lovely Princess D'Anjou was unsolved. Some assumed that she had been kidnapped at the

masquerade, carried away and murdered, others that she had been taken by banditti, and others, again, that she had been forcibly abducted by some desperate admirer.

Prince D'Adelbert had learned ere this whom his little brown gipsy love, Catrine, really was, and though he loved her not more for her rank he was more determined to leave no means untried to discover her if alive, or unravel the mystery of her fate.

Every effort, however, to this end that he put forth proved unavailing, and at length, saddened, hopeless, indifferent to life, and wishing to escape for ever from scenes, characters and events that constantly reminded him of his lost love, he joyously welcomed an offer from his monarch, the King of France, to accompany a fleet of discovery to the golden shores of the far West, that incognito of wonders, and as the representative of his sovereign take possession of and rule over any lands and peoples thus found.

We shall not dwell upon the events of the long, dangerous voyage to an unknown haven, the storms that beat upon them, the winds that drove them wildly back and forth, the calms that stayed and baffled their progress.

Months passed beneath burning suns and amidst icy storms, threatened with thirsts, and hungers and fevers, until, almost despairing, they espied shores so lovely that they doubted them real and feared to trust their vision upon them lest they might fade away.

Entering into the soft, delicious, emerald expanse of a quiet inlet they dropped anchor and set foot on the beautiful land almost at the very spot where the lovely city of Savannah now nestles.

For weeks thereafter Prince D'Adelbert, the governor of this new world of beauty and fertility, roamed with his followers, wonderstricken and enchanted, through boundless forests and glades, laden with fruits and flowers, delicious perfumes and gorgeously plumaged songsters, until they had penetrated far into the interior.

It was then that one day, when wandering on, still bewildered at all the beauties clustering around them, and with melody of birds soothing them, they were stopped still as death, powerless from amazement, at the words of a Spanish ballad ringing clear and in most enchanting ripple of sweet sadness through the forest. Springing from a clump of blossoming shrubs the next moment appeared immediately in their pathway—Catrine, the long-lost princess—the lovely little brown gipsy, brighter, rosier, more enchanting in picturesque costume than ever before. She beheld the strangers; she uttered a cry, shrank back, would have fallen, but, seeing D'Adelbert's outstretched arms, sprang into them a moment, and then extricating herself wildly fled!

He followed into a clearing waving with golden grain and on to a cottage nestling amid a labyrinth of vines and flowers, beyond which were others occupied by the attendants her persecutor had allowed her.

A half-hour, passed in a blissful dream close by her side, wooed by the music of her voice, revealed all her history to him, and then he arose to go.

The flower of the cotton shrub was not whiter than her face then, and her words of farewell were inaudible. He walked on several paces before he looked back. Her arms were piteously outstretched to him, her look was one uncontrollable yearning for him, her crimson lips were parted trying to frame his name in one last pleading syllable.

At last he read her heart, and in a moment after she was sobbing out her joy on his bosom.

"And do you really love me so fondly, Catrine? May I stay with you always?" he questioned, eagerly.

"My servants will be pleased to call you their master," she said, veiling her eyes confusedly.

It was as straightforward a reply as he expected from her, and the priest of the expedition settled the matter for ever.

L. N. W. R.

FRETFUL CHILDREN.—When an infant cries and whines and frets and worries grateful relief will often be found in a warm bath, placing the body in the water up to the chin. The temperature should be from ninety to a hundred Fahrenheit; that of the room should be at least seventy-five, and the duration of the bath about fifteen minutes; but it is better to measure it by the effects. As soon as the child becomes quiet, and is disposed to be playful, it should be taken out, wiped dry quickly, and wrapped up in a warm blanket for ten minutes and then dressed. Except during teething, when this warm bath may be resorted to twice a day, the cause of the fretting is almost always in the stomach; it is indigestion—the result in almost all cases of injudicious feeding. If no anodynes, or soothing syrups, or other forms of medicine are administered, and the child is fed at regular hours, with intervals of four or five more, according to age, three-fourths of all the crying of babies would be pre-

vented. Half of all the infants who die owe their premature decease to irregular eating and druggery.

MAJOR THORNE'S WIFE.

THE principal hotel was pretty well favoured with belles and beauties that summer, but among them all Miss Janet Ashley reigned supreme.

Everybody acknowledged her sovereignty. Why not, since it was a matter beyond dispute or question? Nothing is lost by a candid admission of a well-known fact, as most of her rivals were well aware. Nobody was simple enough to dispute her claims.

Miss Ashley was no longer in the first bloom of belletship—if we may use the word. She had passed successfully through several brilliant seasons already. But nobody had the audacity to pronounce her *passée*. She wore well; some beauties do. At thirty she was handsome, and a thousand times more fascinating, than she had been ten years earlier.

Society had not tired of her, or she of society. She held her way quite as proudly, and far more regally, than the freshest of all the pink-and-white rivals who composed the opposing phalanx.

Precisely what she was like I need not tell you. But you must needs go far to find such a superb figure—such adorable arms and neck—such perfect features—such a rich, creamy complexion, soft and clear as an infant's.

At the time when we introduce her she was sitting enthroned like a queen in a large velvet-covered chair in one of the hotel parlours. She had gathered the usual crowd of gentlemen admirers and lady friends about her—being far too wise to neglect her own sex while attracting the other to her side.

There was a sudden stir outside, and, the long windows being open, sounds penetrated very distinctly to the parlour. Carriage wheels rolled up the drive, stopped suddenly, and then came the bustle of alighting.

Suddenly a voice from the verandah drifted in so clearly that everybody caught the words.

"By Jove, Halbert, who is she? Isn't she lovely? Miss Ashley had better look to her laurels."

"Hush!" cried another voice, almost sternly. "You will be heard."

Miss Ashley laughed. Her fine eyes swept the little group around her and caught sight of some dismayed faces.

"How loud some people talk." And then added, "I've heard an old proverb that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves.' My faith in it will soon be proved infallible."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. West.

She walked to the window, with a half-impatient curl of the lip; but Miss Ashley soon called her back.

"Mrs. West, I'm dying of curiosity. There's a new arrival, of course?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

Then she turned back to the window again. It might be ill-bred to manifest curiosity, but since Miss Ashley had taken the lead she might assuredly follow.

From the verandah came a low buzz of admiration—several gentlemen were walking there. Mrs. West lifted the lace curtains and looked out. Suddenly she let them fall again with a slight exclamation of surprise.

"Major Thorne!"

Miss Ashley caught the name. A rich colour flamed into her cheeks.

"What were you saying?" she demanded, sharply. Mrs. West returned to her side.

"An old friend of mine, and," shooting her a swift glance, "I believe of yours," has arrived—Major Reginald Thorne."

"Indeed! What a surprise!" Miss Ashley was cool and smiling again. "You and I were quite intimate with Major Thorne in London last winter."

"Yes," she said, drily.

"He will be quite an addition to our coterie of friends."

"Oh, to be sure."

"But," with a keen glance, "he must have brought some very charming friend with him, judging from what we have just heard outside."

"There is a lady with him," Mrs. West answered, a trifle maliciously. "She must be his wife, I judge, from the eager way in which she clung to his arm."

Miss Ashley caught her breath sharply. Proud, self-possessed woman of the world though she was, this last item came somewhat too abruptly. For an instant she was ghastly white.

There had been some very tender passages between her and Major Thorne the previous winter. They had flirted desperately for at least two months. Then Major Thorne had left the capital quite abruptly, and there that particular chapter in her life ended.

It had been a diamond-cut-diamond affair after all. Miss Ashley was a notorious coquette, counting her conquests by scores. If she came out of this conflict somewhat worsted nobody pitied her very much. Indeed there were few who guessed the potency of the spell so quickly wrought. Miss Ashley made no sign. She was too proud to wear her heart on her sleeve. Besides, she had created too great havoc herself not to take this discomfiture coolly, so far as outward seeming went.

But under her calm exterior there was a rankling sense of pain and anger. To be beaten at her own game was a little too much for human endurance. What wonder that a burning desire for revenge upon the man who had slighted her love was hidden in the lowest deep of her heart, where no one save herself suspected its existence?

You will now understand why Mrs. West's words dashed the props from under her feet for a few terrible seconds.

She quickly rallied, however.

"Major Thorne a Benedict!" she cried, with a slight sneer. "I think you must be mistaken, Mrs. West. Really I can't imagine him in such a situation."

"I don't see anything preposterous in it."

"Possibly," with one of her sweetest smiles.

"But you may not have known him so intimately as I did. I thought his proof against the blandishments of our sex."

Mrs. West could not refuse the impulse to reply:

"Your estimate of him may have been a very wrong one."

"Certainly, my dear. But, seriously, I have not heard that he is married. Mr. Graham," turning to a besotted fellow at her side, and laying one white hand coaxingly upon his arm, "do go and find out the truth for us. You can consult the register, you know. I'm literally dying of curiosity. We have a right to any information we can obtain in that manner."

There was some staring to think Miss Ashley should exhibit anything so vulgar as curiosity in a matter of this sort, and a little wonder at the expedient to which she resorted. But she was not a woman to be criticised openly.

To tell the truth, she was possessed of an inward frenzy that would not let her wait until circumstances should give the information she coveted.

Mr. Graham went on the mission she had given him—he would have done anything for Miss Ashley that did not require too great exertion—and came dashing back again after the lapse of some minutes.

"Mrs. West was right," said he, with an affected drawl. "The record on the books is 'Major Thorne and wife.'"

"Thank you," said Miss Ashley, sweetly. "You were very kind to take the trouble of looking, Mr. Graham." Then, in a low aside to Mrs. West, she added, "Do take all these troublesome people away, dear. I'm not well. I want a chance to escape to my room."

There was the earnestness of real distress in her voice, softly as she had modulated it. Glancing quickly and curiously into her face, Mrs. West detected a drawn look about the mouth and a sudden pallor that would not be wholly controlled.

"I'll do what I can for you," she answered.

She did not like Miss Ashley, but was too tender-hearted not to help her in a moment of real distress.

The sweet little woman was not without a certain power of her own. Five minutes later she had gotten up a sudden excitement at the other end of the parlour, under cover of which Miss Ashley made her escape.

In her own chamber, away from the curious eyes that might have stolen her secret in the room below, Miss Ashley dropped the mask she had worn.

"And so this is the end of all my foolish dreams," she muttered, with a bitter smile and her white hands clenched. "I did dream, and can afford to acknowledge it here, by myself. I thought Major Thorne would come back to me, some time, and—and—we should be happy! Bah! It is all over now—the delusion ended. There is nothing left me save revenge!"

She spoke the last word between close-shut teeth, and there was a light in her eyes scarcely pleasant to see. But it was soon banished. She could not afford to dim her beauty by baleful passions.

The dinner-bell sounded a little later. Of course the bride and her husband would be present at the table.

Miss Ashley made one of her superb toilets, and went downstairs cool, smiling, serene.

She was a little late—a habit of hers. Major Thorne and his wife were seated, and, as the fates would have it, places had been assigned them opposite her own.

Of course it was an ordeal, but she met it bravely. Besides, she had an advantage in knowing beforehand that a meeting was likely to take place.

Major Thorne glanced up as she seated herself; a

handsome, elegant man of thirty-five, or thereabouts, with a military bearing that became him well, was the major. She saw him start and flush a little as he recognized her.

"Major Thorne, this is a pleasure," she said.

He bowed and smiled, his composure instantly returning.

"I was not prepared for such a surprise, Miss Ashley. I am delighted."

Then he bowed again, very nonchalantly, and turned to the lady at his side.

"Maud, my dear, let me present to you Miss Ashley, an old friend of mine. Miss Ashley, this is my wife."

The proud, loving tone in which he spoke the words "my wife" told Janet Ashley that if she had ever acquired any dominion over his heart herself, it was ended for ever.

She glanced curiously at the diminutive figure by his side. She saw one of the most graceful, sylph-like creatures she had ever beheld. A charming face, with two great appealing brown eyes, a complexion like wax, a wee red, ripe strawberry-coloured mouth, and soft brown hair, shiny as satin, rippling away from a broad, low brow—these items made up the picture.

"Lovely as a poet's dream or an artist's model," she thought. "But, good gracious! to think he should have married such a child. She can't be a day over seventeen. And he's desperately in love with her; I can see that already."

Mrs. West, who sat near, addressed some remark to Major Thorne at this moment and joined in the conversation, during which Mrs. Thorne made a very favourable impression upon her mind.

"Such a sweet rosy-bud as she is," she said when they were discussing the new arrival, after dinner, in Janet's room. "I don't know when I have seen a face that pleased me so much."

Miss Ashley lifted her shoulders whimsically.

"You take odd fancies, Mrs. West. She certainly is deficient in style."

"Her sweet simplicity is infinitely more charming than any art."

"Humph! It is fortunate you are not a man; Major Thorne would be jealous."

"He is very fond of his wife."

"Very."

"Did you ever observe them at table? He is like a lover. Why, I never gave him credit for possessing so much heart. But I suppose it was never touched before."

Miss Ashley winced. She even made a wry face behind Mrs. West's back.

"You are trying a new rôle," she said, coldly.

"But it does not become you to be malicious;" and she turned away.

But Miss Ashley had not done with the subject, by any means. On every hand, for the next few days, she heard echoed the story of Mrs. Thorne's girlish beauty, and the major's devotion, until she was ready to gnash her teeth with fury.

"What care I for their billing and cooing?" she muttered, sometimes. "I wish people would let me alone—and them, too, in my presence."

But she did care. It vexed her, too, that Major Thorne should meet her so indifferently. He was simply cordial and pleasant when with her, and seemed utterly to ignore the tender passages of the previous winter.

Why not? She was nothing to him—could be nothing. Candidly, he had come very near being infatuated at one time. But, fortunately for himself, he had seen below the surface just in season to reach the conviction that he had better keep away from her. He had followed out that conviction, and was now reaping his sweet reward.

Those were trying days for Miss Ashley, but she lost none of her brilliancy. She would have died sooner than any one should have known what she suffered.

Nobody save Mrs. West guessed the true state of affairs, not even the major. He was not consoled enough to think that this superb woman of the world would wear the willow for him.

Miss Ashley knew this, and thought it was well.

"I bide my time," she would mutter, under her breath. "But, sooner or later, I will dash the cup of happiness from his lips, as he dashed it from mine."

She did not have long to wait before accomplishing her fell purpose.

It was one of the ball nights.

Miss Ashley wore a splendid dress of lavender moiré, trimmed with yellow lace a quarter of a yard deep, looped up here and there with sprays of coral. She must have spent hours in studying that costume. But then she never liked to be outdone.

To her the evening was scarcely a pleasant one, though you would never have guessed it, seeing her beautiful face, so bright and animated. But for once the adulation of the multitude palled upon her. She



[THE MAJOR'S RETURN.]

senged to get away from it all, where she could rest a while.

There was a reason for her mood. Her queenship was being disputed, and by no less a personage than Mrs. Major Thorne.

Maud was beautifully dressed in a costume of blended tulle, lace and pearls, that made her look more like a rosebud, a lily, or some sweet, pure flower, than ever. She seemed so artless, so girlish, so innocent, that people could not help admiring her.

The major was pleased at the furore she excited. You could see that in his proud glances and flushed face. He scarcely left her side.

Miss Ashley watched them until she was little better than a mad woman. Then she drew back into a shaded alcove, and threw herself into the only chair to be found, sighing and clenching her hands involuntarily.

"I shall lose my senses if this go on much longer," she muttered.

She was alone, or thought she was, and spoke the words louder than she was aware.

A low laugh in the direction of the window at her back startled her the moment they were uttered.

Swinging sharply round, she saw a dark figure leaning motionless against the casing, so enveloped in the voluminous folds of the curtains that she might not have seen her under other circumstances.

"Who's there?" she demanded.

"A friend."

The figure advanced into the alcove. Miss Ashley saw quite distinctly now, for the light from the parlours was reflected into the place.

A woman stood before her, gaunt, hollow-eyed, dressed in a suit of rusty black. From one shoulder drooped a dark shawl, which she had evidently wore over her head.

She was ghastly pale, and her eyes burned

luridly. There was something so wild and fierce in their glare that Miss Ashley recoiled involuntarily.

"Don't be afraid of me," said the woman, with a grim smile. "I have not lost my senses, though you seem afraid that you may lose yours."

There was something so strange, so incoherent in this address that Miss Ashley began to tremble in real earnest.

"What do you want," she asked, sharply.

The answer came readily enough.

"A private interview with yourself. You had better grant it."

Miss Ashley drew herself up proudly.

"I am by no means sure of that."

"You'd better, for this reason—you hate those turtle-doves over yonder, and would give your right hand to stop their cooing."

She gave a brisk little nod in the direction of the parlour, where Major Thorne and Maud could be seen floating down the long room to the enchantment of the deus temps. There was something indescribably wicked and malignant in both tone and gesture.

"How do you know that I hate them?" said Miss Ashley.

"I've been watching you—and them."

"You think you have read my heart in my face?"

"I know I have read it there."

"Humph!" Miss Ashley coloured, and dread of this woman gave way to a vague uneasiness. "Who are you?" she asked.

"If I tell you, will you go away with me where we can talk quite by ourselves?"

"We can talk here."

"Yes. But somebody might come this way at any moment. Look at my dress. It was not intended for a ball-room."

She shook out her scant, dark skirt, laughing shrilly.

A silence fell. Miss Ashley stared hard at the

white thin face of the woman, not knowing whether she was most repelled or attracted.

"You are mad!" she said, at last, with a shrug. "I'll waste no more time with you."

"Stay!" The woman's long, lean fingers clasped her arm. "I have one other word to add before you leave me."

Bending forward she said something in a whisper close to Miss Ashley's ear. The latter flushed purple and then grew ghastly white.

"It is not true?" she gasped.

The woman laughed hoarsely.

"It is true. Now will you come away with me, down into the garden where we can talk freely?"

"Yes," Miss Ashley spoke short and quick, drawing her breath hard. "You are an impostor, but I will do as you wish. Come this way."

Pale as a ghost, with one trembling hand she swept aside the heavy curtains from the window, and stepped out upon the verandah, signing for the creature to follow.

Silently and noiselessly the two women glided down the steps and so on to the dew-wet shrubbery beyond.

"Now speak freely," she said, in a voice not her own. "If you keep back anything, or try to deceive me, it will be worse for you."

"You needn't threaten. I'm willing enough to tell the truth without."

"Why do you tell it—and to me?"

"I tell it because I intend to make trouble for Major Thorne and his delectable bride," she answered, sneering. "I tell it to you because I know you are mean and revengeful enough to help me. Think you I do not know all that went on between you and him in London last winter?"

Miss Ashley winced.

"I watched that whole game, my lady. You would have married Major Thorne, but he didn't give you the chance. In case he had it would be you instead of that silly child at whose felicity I should be striking the death-blow."

The malignancy of her tone was indescribable. It sent a shudder through the listener's frame.

"Go on," said Janet, sharply. "You need not bring me into the connection. I don't wish to hear what you would have done if I had married Major Thorne."

"What then?"

"I wish to know all about yourself—and him. Now the truth, mind. You brought me here to listen to the truth."

The woman drew back, laughing hoarsely.

"Very well. Truth you shall have, to your heart's content, my lady. Listen."

But what she said, and what plans those two women made, we need not record. The result of that interview will appear quite distinctly enough without.

At least an hour had gone by when they separated. Then Miss Ashley walked feebly and with difficulty back to the hotel, as if she had grown suddenly old.

Up to her chamber she crept, shunning the brilliantly lighted parlours, and all the gay companions who were querying earnestly over her unwonted absence.

She looked like a ghost as she stood before the mirror and unbound her damp hair. The sight of her own face startled her, but she smiled nevertheless.

"I said I'd be revenged," she muttered, "and I'll keep my word."

She did not go down to breakfast the next morning; but about ten o'clock, in the most becoming of wrappers, she knocked at the door of Mrs. West's room.

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Thorne," she said.

"Will you go with me?"

"Certainly."

And Mrs. West gave her hair a brush, clasped her bracelets quickly, and announced herself in readiness.

"I'm going to cultivate Mrs. Thorne's acquaintance more than I have done," Miss Ashley remarked, as they went on. "It is so nice to be on pleasant terms with such a sweet little body."

Mrs. West stared, and wondered secretly what had come over Janet Ashley, but she wisely held her peace.

"Major Thorne usually walks or drives at this hour," added Janet. "That is why I chose it. We are sure to find his wife alone."

They did find her alone, seated in a large arm-chair by the window, looking so fresh and cool, and withal so bright and happy, that even Miss Ashley's heart reproached her for seeking to harm one so guileless and innocent.

She welcomed her guests with a sweet graciousness that seemed natural to her.

"I am so glad you came," she said, artlessly. "My husband has gone out, and I have been reading until

I am tired. It will be so nice to have somebody to talk to me."

Miss Ashley forced a smile.

"How cozy and pleasant you look here," she said, sweetly, though she was thinking the while of the quick flush with which Maud Thorne had spoken the words "my husband" as if they were too strange, or too precious, to be often upon her lips.

The ladies fell into the idle chit-chat that means so little, and yet sounds so piquant and pleasant coming from lips so charming.

Presently there came a knock at the door, somewhat loud and startling. Mrs. Thorne gave a little gasp and changed colour as she rose to answer the summons.

As for Miss Ashley, for one instant she wished the earth to open and swallow them all up, and so prevent the wickedness she was helping to carry on; the next, she was cool and calm again.

A gaunt, hollow-eyed woman stood in the passage when Mrs. Thorne opened the door. It was the same wild-looking creature who had spoken to Janet the night before in the alcove.

"Are you Mrs. Thorne?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," answered the young wife, regarding this strange woman suspiciously. "Did you wish to see me?"

The woman advanced a step or two, and suddenly planted herself in the doorway.

"Yes, madam, I wish to see you very much."

Mrs. Thorne looked troubled and perplexed, but she said, sweetly:

"Come in. Take a seat by the window."

Slowly the woman crossed the floor. She glanced sharply at Mrs. West, then quickly and significantly at Janet.

"I must see you alone," she said, sullenly.

"I do not imagine that can be necessary."

Mrs. Thorne was trembling, and speaking in a very low voice. Her visitor's words and manner seemed to frighten her.

"I tell you I must," cried the woman. "I have something to say that could not with propriety be said before these ladies."

Mrs. Thorne might have yielded the point had not Janet leaned towards her quickly, and whispered in her ear:

"Don't grant her request. She is some low creature and means to rob or impose upon you in some manner."

Drawing a long breath, the young wife said:

"I decline to see you alone. These ladies are my friends. You can speak freely in their presence."

She did not see the sneering smile that curled Janet Ashley's lips at these words, otherwise she might have doubted the friendship of one of those who were present.

"Very well," said the woman, smiling grimly. "I'm sure I don't care," and she seated herself with an air of insolent assurance. "It was solely on your account I made the request."

Mrs. Thorne stared hardly at her. She was growing more and more frightened at the woman's singular behaviour. What could it all mean?

She saw a face which, underneath all its sallowness and haggard pallor, showed traces of great former beauty. And yet it was a face on which a thousand evil passions had set their seal.

"What is your business with me?" she asked, coldly.

"I have come to save you from the meshes of a fiend," was the sharp, hard answer.

Mrs. Thorne recoiled.

"I'm not used to such language," said she, faintly.

"Humph." There was no mistaking the malignancy of the look she now fixed upon the young wife. "I'm sorry for you. But you can scarcely expect to hear other from me."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because you have stolen my husband away from me with your baby face and foolishness."

The woman had risen to her feet. Her whole countenance was ablaze with passion and fury, which she vainly tried to keep under control.

"Yes," she screamed, vindictively, "you have stolen Reginald Thorne's heart, and you think you are his wife! Your dream of happiness will be a brief one. It is ended now. I came here on purpose to shatter it."

Mrs. Thorne slowly confronted her. Her lips were quivering, her face as gray as ashes.

"You are mad," she said.

"Mad? Then there is method in my madness. Do you comprehend what I have told you? I am Major Thorne's wife! His true and lawful wife. And I can prove it. He married me before he ever saw your pink-and-white face."

Maud stood like a statue for a moment, her breath coming short and quick. Then, reaching out her hand to Mrs. West, she said, faintly:

"Take that—that creature away."

She sank into a chair.

Mrs. West wound both arms about her, and then looked at the intruder with angry eyes.

"You had better go," she said, coldly. "Don't compel me to ring for the servants."

"I won't go!" declared the woman, flatly. "Ring for as many servants as you please. The more the merrier. I have nothing to conceal," and she ended with a short laugh of triumph.

"Don't you see that you have frightened Mrs. Thorne half out of her senses?"

"Mrs. Thorne? That's my name. I am not frightened. As for that silly creature of whom you are making such a baby a little fright won't hurt her. She must hear the truth some time."

Mrs. West advanced a step or two. With all her sweetness she could be firm and decided.

"Will you go away?" she demanded.

"Not until my husband comes. Now you have my answer. If I can't convince you of my identity, he may be able to do so."

She sat down, nonchalantly smoothing out the folds of her dress. There was something horrible in the calmness she had now put on; only her deep-set eyes were blazing.

Suddenly a heavy step echoed along the passage. The door was flung open, and Major Thorne entered, smiling and eager.

"Darling Maud!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Reggy, Reggy!"

She tottered towards him, her arms held out. But he did not take her to his heart. After a long, wild stare around the room, he stood petrified, fixed as stone, his face ghastly, and great beads of perspiration on his forehead.

The figure by the window looked up at him.

"This must be a surprise, Reginald, dear," it said. "You did not expect to see me here?"

Then a groan burst from him. He struck his forehead wildly with his hands, but uttered no word.

"Why don't you speak?" the woman went on, tauntingly. "Why don't you come and embrace me? I want these people to know I am your true and lawful wife."

He tried to speak, but could not. With a second effort, however, he gasped, feebly:

"You! alive? Have you come from the grave to torment me?"

"I was never there."

Then she went towards him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"My dear, have you no pleasant word for me—not even a kiss—when I am restored to you?"

He shook her off and sank shuddering into a seat, covering his face. He did not look at Maud—he could not.

The poor soul stood staring at him with tearless eyes and quivering lips. Nobody thought of Janet Ashley in that terrible moment. If she felt any emotions of triumph she enjoyed them quite unnoticed.

"Oh, Reginald," gasped Maud, and the words seemed almost to take away her life, "speak to me. Has that creature told the truth?"

A shudder ran all over that man's frame, but he answered:

"Heaven help you, Maud! Heaven help us both. That grinning fiend is my wife."

"You hear that!"

And the woman flashed a look of triumph all around.

Maud flung her hands up wildly.

"Oh, just Heaven!" she screamed. "What then am I?"

She tottered and would have fallen, but Mrs. West sprang quickly to her side and drew her towards the window.

"Oh, my poor little soul," murmured the kind-hearted woman.

Maud had not fainted, but she lay like one dead in Mrs. West's arms.

Somebody leaned over her suddenly. Hot, passionate kisses were rained upon her.

"My dear, my darling!" cried Major Thorne, in a voice of anguish. "I cannot give you up. I love you so. They shall not part us. Oh, my life, my love!"

Mrs. West pushed him away indignantly.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Look at the poor, stricken dove? Have you not wrought misery enough already? Oh, to think anybody could have had the heart to injure this sweet child!"

Major Thorne leaned against the wall, groaning audibly.

"You shall not think me worse than I am," he said after a little pause. I would sooner have died than injured that innocent creature. Oh, Heaven, how hard it all is! I thought my wife—that mocking fiend, yonder—was dead. They wrote to me that she was dead; and papers were sent, in which I read obituary notices."

"Forgeries, my dear love, all forgeries," said the fiend, with a grimace. "I wanted to test your fidelity. I thought you would assuredly try to visit my grave, and then the whole plot would have come out. Is it my fault that you did not, and never made a single inquiry?"

With difficulty Major Thorne resumed, never once glancing at the woman:

"Mrs. West, I fully believed myself to be a free man when I married Maud. I believed it until I entered this room. She meant I should believe it. It was one of her insane tricks. She has been the torment of my life for years—a poor, dissipated, half-mad creature whom I could neither love nor live with. Her artifice is past belief. She wheedled me into marrying her when I was but a lad of eighteen. You can guess what I have suffered during all these years."

"And what an idiot he has been," sneered the woman.

Major Thorne did not notice the thrust. He suddenly caught Maud's cold hand, pressing it again and again to his lips and heart.

"Heaven knows that I love you!" he cried. "I'd die to save you from this. Oh, my darling, I'm sure you will forgive me—I'm sure you will pity me. Farewell, farewell!"

She raised her head, a faint, shadowy smile hovering about her lips.

"I believe you, Reginald," she whispered, "And I—I will pray for you."

That was all. Snatching a last kiss from her quivering lips, Major Thorne rushed from the room.

Mrs. West turned, after a little, and fixed a cold glance upon Janet Ashley's face.

"If you have had anything to do with this horrible business, I wish you joy of your success," she said. "Now take that mad woman out of the room and leave me alone with my stricken friend."

Miss Ashley arose without a demur, and went away. She did not feel any too well satisfied with her work.

When Mrs. West to her room an hour later she found this note awaiting her:

"I shall leave the house at once. I trust Maud to you. Love her, comfort her—you can, if it is in anybody's power—Heaven knows she has need enough of a friend. I shall not see her again—I dare not trust myself. Tell her to pray for strength for us both to bear this blow."

This letter was signed with Major Thorne's name. It was not necessary to have written it. Mrs. West had taken Maud to her heart already.

Nearly a year went by.

Maud was seated in Mrs. West's cozy parlour one sweet May morning, pale, subdued-looking, but serene, like one who has suffered and come off conqueror, when a quick rush of steps came up the gravel walk.

"Major Thorne," announced a servant a moment later.

It was too abrupt.

Maud rose up, supported by Mrs. West, and stood shaking from head to foot. She tried to fly, but could not.

After a few seconds it was too late.

Major Thorne crossed the threshold, caught sight of her, and rushed forward, drawing her to his heart in a close embrace.

"Rest here, my darling," he murmured. "It is now your right. Oh, this is happiness."

After a little came an explanation. His wife was dead. He had remained with her till the last, patiently bearing with all her caprices and wickedness. Not a murmur, not a reproach had passed his lips after that dreadful day.

He had cared for her as patiently and tenderly as the most loving husband could have done.

"It was part of my punishment," he said to Maud, in telling the story. "I deserved to suffer, for though I had meant to be all that was good and true and honest with you, had I not concealed the miserable folly of my youth?"

All that wealth or careful nursing could do had been done for his wife. But her health had been so much shattered by drink and a dissolute life that disease found her an easy prey.

She had been vindictive to the last.

"Didn't I play a very clever ruse upon you?" she had said to him. "I knew how it would be. I meant to let you marry that baby-faced minx, and then to dash the cup of bliss from your lips. Now I suppose you will marry her over again; but if you do I'll come back from the grave to torment you."

Major Thorne did marry Maud "over again." It was the one path in which lay honour, peace, happiness for all. It was not just that two lives should be blighted for one woman's wickedness.

But the ghost of the first Mrs. Thorne never "walked."

As for Janet Ashley, she read the announcement of

the second marriage in one of the morning papers sighed a little, and dropped a tear in memory of her vanished dream; then plunged more recklessly than ever into the whirlpool of fashionable society.

R. W.

FACETIE.

"MARY, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done." "Well, finish it then, my dear."

"You exhaust my patience," cried a doctor who was engaged in a quarrel with his wife. "You exhaust your patients worse than I do," was the retort.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in New Jersey: "Sir, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

WHAT is the difference between a good dog-show and a bad one? When it is a good one the dogs go to the show; but if a bad one the show goes to the dogs.

The excuse of an Aberdeen young lady to her minister, who caught her napping, was, "Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?"

JONES doesn't see the use of militia. "What," he bawled out, "is better to disperse a crowd than a good policeman?" "A yaller-backed wasp," shrieked an urchin in the street.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—"I don't know where that bad boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure," said a slightly irritated Aberdeen parent. "No," said his simple-minded wife, "you've certainly not lost yours."

REASONS WHY.—The following are reasons why a ship is always called she: "They are useless without employment, they bring news from abroad, they wear caps and bonnets, they are often painted, and a man never knows the expense till he gets one."

RATHER COOL.—"I want to know," said a creditor, fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me." "Do you take me for a prophet?" was the soft answer which didn't turn away wrath.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—A man being awakened by the captain of a passage-boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerably replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.—A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

A USELESS INVESTMENT.—"I've got a new pair of boots," said A. to B., putting one forward as a sample, "a handsome fit, eh? I bought them to wear in genteel society." "They will be likely to last you a lifetime, then," rejoined B., "and be worth something to your heirs."

GALVANISM AND THE POTATO DISEASE.—A farmer in Caithness has taken the idea into his head that galvanism will prevent the potato disease. Accordingly he is to lay wires along the drills in his field, connecting the whole with large galvanic batteries, and by this means he will neutralize the influence of the air, and preserve the potato.

TOMMY'S ANSWER.—The mother of Tommy, a little fellow who had been sent to school at much too early an age, was very proud of his acquirements, and liked to exhibit his learning before company. One day, when some visitors were in the parlour, Tommy was asked how the earth was divided. "By earthquakes," said Tommy, very promptly.

A GOOD STAND FOR BUSINESS.—A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating at the same time that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, "Oh, yes; he's very good 'stand' for de business. Me stand all day; for nobody come to make me move."

ULTRA MODESTY.

Bob (in the course of conversation): "Pooh! Woman's mission is to be beautiful. If ever I meet a woman with lots of tin whose faultlessly beautiful I shall marry her straight off."

His Admiring Friend: "I suppose you'll just ask her first, won't you, Bob?"

A GENTLEMAN asked a Highland clergyman the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you, but if the young man can preach better than I can my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

A YOUNG CYNIC.—At a juvenile party a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife."

"Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

WHAT IS LOVE?—"What is love, Nanny?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its Scriptural sense. "Hoot, fy, sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the e'enholes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

NOVEL ORTHOGRAPHY.—A new method of spelling, quite surpassing the phonetic, is proposed by an Aberdeen School Board enthusiast. It is as follows: "80 you be—a tub; 80 oh! pes—a top; be 80—bat; see 80—cat; pes 80—pat; are 80—rat; se oh! double you—cow; see you be—cub; see a bee—cab; bee you double tea—butt; see a double ell—call."

A GREAT SECRET.

Old Bachelor Uncle: "Well, Charley, what do you want now?"

Charley: "Oh, I want to be rich."

Uncle: "Rich! why so?"

Charley: "Because I want to be petted, and ma says you are an old idiot, but must be petted because you are rich—but it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell!"

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Clara, I love but thee alone." Thus sighed a tender youth. "Oh, hear me, then! My passion own, my trembling lips, in earnest tone. Indeed I speak the truth!" He paused; the blush o'erspread her cheek—she let him draw her near. Scarce for emotion could she speak, yet still she asked, in accents meek: "How much have you a year?"

ADVICE TO YOUNG COUPLES.—By all means, if you can, keep pigs. Properly managed they will make you almost independent of your butcher. "Now then," truly wrote Cobbett, "the hog is a good thing." So he is. You can eat him all up; you can go the whole hog from the tip of the snout to that of the tail. Thus, by substituting pork for beef and mutton in their present dearness, you make both ends meet.

EVEN.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. "I am a poet, sir," said Piron. "Oh, a poet, are you?" said the magistrate. "I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron; "for I have a brother who is a fool."

BOXING THE COMPASS.

A teacher was illustrating the points of the compass to two pupils.

"Now what is before you?"

"The north, sir," said John, who was an intelligent lad.

"Now, Tommy," said he to the other, who had just donned a long coat, "what is behind you?"

"My coat-tails, sir," said Tommy.

A GOOD IDEA.—The *South London Press* mentions a rumour that, in their new hall, the Camberwell Vestry intend to leave no special seats for reporters, but to relegate them to the gallery for the general public. Well, this will be a boon to everybody, except the reporters and the vestrymen; for the former will not get a penny a line for reporting rubbish not worth a halfpenny a bushel "allocated" by the vestry.—*Fun*.

A PROVIDENT HUSBAND.—How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessities of life! A newly married Aberdeen man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well-defined idea of yeast himself he told the baker to send up ten shillings' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging up the front stairs of that man's house with a cask of yeast.

A HOME THRUST.—A clergyman informed his people at the close of his sermon that he intended in a few days to go on a mission to the heathen. After the congregation was dismissed a number of the members waited for their pastor, and, crowding around him, expressed their astonishment at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was going, and how long they would be deprived of his ministrations. He said to them: "My good friends, don't be alarmed, I'm not going out of town."

A PROVIDENTIAL DISPENSATION.—A country minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbour asked him if he did not do well by the second marriage. "Oh, yes, indeed," he said, with animation, and then, as an expression of reverent awe stole into his face, he added, "And, what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."

BENEFITS OF TEMPERANCE.—A Dutchman being

asked at a temperance meeting to "tell his experience," he responded thus: "I drunk mine lager; den I puts mine hand on mine head, and dere was one pain. Den I put mine hand on my body, and dere was another pain. Den I puts mine hand on my pocket and der was nothing. So I jine mid de demperance. Now dere is no pain in mine head, and de pain in my body was all gone away. I put mine hand on my pocket, and dere was two pounds. So I stayed mid de demperance beoples."

THE FARMER AND THE REAPER.

A farmer required a number of reapers; several presented themselves, and all were engaged, with one exception. The poor man thus omitted said:

"Master, won't you hire me?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed Paddy; "does your honour reap your corn at the top?"

What could the farmer do but roar with laughter and send the little man to join his comrades in the field?

THERE are many ways of stating things. The agreeable and self-satisfactory is thus illustrated:—"The next morning the magistrate of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; he said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast—'Guilty or not guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the Crown forty shillings."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—A contemporary has found out why persons can't sleep. It is because "there is no accumulation in the organism of the products of oxidation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favoured and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period." We shouldn't have thought a little thing like that would keep one awake. Persons who can't sleep, however, should put some of those things in their organism before retiring.

TAKING NOTES.—A minister had a negro in his family. One Sunday when he was preaching he happened to look in the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen take notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching it."

A CANNY SCOT.—It is told of a very careful laird in the Highlands that he was waited on by a neighbour to request his name as an accommodation to a "bit bill" for 20s. for three months, which led to the following characteristic colloquy:—"Na, na, I canna do that." "Why for no, laird? Ye hae done the same thing for others." "Ay, ay, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething about. I canna dae't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to put my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time can round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay it; see then you and me wad quarrel; see we may just as well quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller's in my pouch."

HOPE DEFERRED.

Mrs. J. was a sprightly lady, in her hundredth year, who had long promised her handsome fortune to her nephew. He had waited for it half a century, hoping daily to have the pleasure of closing her dying eyes and fingering her money. Every night, if he heard the slightest sound in the house, he hastened to the door in the fond hope that his dear old aunt was in the last pains, and his day of possession was at hand. At last she rang the bell violently at one o'clock in the morning. He flew to her bedside; she must be dying; he was sure of it, and glad of it too.

"Aunt, dear aunt, what can I do for you?" he inquired, anxiously.

"La! John, nothing's the matter. It's the first of April. I ain't dead yet!"

REAL SHAM.—A money lender, well known to the jeunesse dorée, has played one of his "clients" a trick. The latter came to him wishing to borrow a thousand francs. "Come again to-morrow" was the reply. The next day when his customer arrived, "There's your money," said the old money lender, pointing to a huge pile of bottles of champagne. "What do you mean—my money?" "Well, the wine there is worth a thousand francs." "Now," said the young man, who well knew the tricks of the

old one, "how much will you give me for it and take it off my hands?" "Seven hundred and fifty francs," "Well," replied the young man, "I have no choice—I must put up with your terms; but at any rate I'll have a bottle of this champagne, as it has cost me such a pretty penny!" and, seizing a bottle, he broke the neck. It was water. "You old vagabond!" he cried. "What difference does it make to you?" was the phlegmatic reply, "seeing that I have taken them off your hands?"

DANGEROUS POLITENESS.

At a party the other evening a young lady was standing in a draught, when an old bachelor stepped up and remarked:

"Miss —, I will protect you from the draught with my person."

"Do you promise always thus to guard and protect me?"

"I do."

"You will recollect this is leap year."

The old gentleman was for a moment nonplussed, but finally succeeded in saying:

"You must ask my mother."

DOCTORS' DEGREES.—When the University of St. Andrews sold her honours—a custom that has long been abandoned—a certain minister put £15 in his purse and went to St. Andrews "to purchase for himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formerly admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return home the "doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me doctor, and gin onybody speers at ye about me ye'll aye be sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The rev. doctor stared. "Aye, it's just so," continued Saunders; "for when I fand out that it cost sae little I'en got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be gude enough to say—'Doctor, put on some coals, or, Doctor, bring me some whiskey and hot water; and gin onybody speers at ye about me ye'll aye be sure to say the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be.'"

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.—An Indian went to see a white man, and stayed with him all night. In the morning he said to the white man, "I dreamt last night." "Ah, what was it?" "I dreamt you gave me your gray mare and then you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder, much ball, much shot." "Did you indeed? What a dream!" "Yes, I dreamt it all." "Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the gray mare, and she thinks she can't ride any other horse; but if you dreamt it why I suppose you must have her. And my rifle too—my favourite rifle—you dreamt I gave you that too?" "Yes, me dream rifle too." "Well, if you dreamt it, why, I suppose you must take that too; but it's very singular." So the white man gave them all into the Indian's possession; but persuaded him to tarry with him one night more. In the morning the white man says to the Indian—"I had a dream last night." "No; did you?" "Yes; but I did though. I dreamt that you gave me all the land between Pajunket River and Catapunch Mountain," about three thousand acres. "Ah! bones of my father! Well, if you dreamt it, I suppose you must have the land—but I never dream with you any more."

AN UNLUCKY PASTORAL VISIT.—A "Minister's Visit," that is, in everyday language, a morning call by a clergyman upon one of his congregation, is obviously a ceremonious, or, to say the least, a peaceful occasion. A minister, however, tells a tale in a Dissenter's paper which points to other possibilities. A lady residing in the place had been greatly annoyed by "run-away rings." She therefore determined one dark evening to watch for the mischievous young monkeys who played these pranks upon her, and had just stationed herself inside the doorway when the bell rang out sonorously. The lady instantly opened the door, caught the diminutive offender by the collar, and boxed his ears right and left most soundly. At every whack he protested "Madam, why, madam!" "Don't madam me, you young rascal!" she exclaimed, and another blow made his ears burn fearfully. He begged, implored. "Don't beg for mercy, you graceless young scamp!" was the only reply, accompanied by another thundering thump on the side of the head. Becoming at last exhausted by this exercise, she dragged the little man into the hall that she might recognize the offender by the gaslight and "tell his mother" as she said, when whom should she discover in the person of her victim but her own minister, who had called to pay her a friendly visit on his being appointed to the kirk!

MICHAELMAS "GEESSE."

Those who are taken in by puffing advertisements.

Those who demand encores at concerts and other musical entertainments.

Those who turn up their noses at Australian meat.

Those who believe that the alcoholic fluid they buy at eighteenpence a bottle is sherry.

Those who take a railway journey without insuring their lives.

Those who eat and drink what they know will disagree with them.

Those who wear a high black hat when they have the chance of being comfortable in a low white one.

Those who drink green tea.

Those who paint—themselves.

Those who persist in giving fees and gratuities at theatres where they are strictly forbidden.

Those who encourage street beggars, street minstrels, street mountebanks, and street organists.

Those who fancy that with a little care they can live as cheaply at the sea-side as at home.

Those who imagine that coal, meat, and other luxuries will ever again be reasonable in price.

Those who wear thin boots in wet weather.

Those who enter into conversation with strangers in the streets of London.

Those who lend umbrellas.

Those who look to see how a novel is going to end before they are half way through the first volume.

Those who propose without feeling sure that they will be accepted.

Those who believe that they shall live to see the New Law Courts finished, Leicester Square beautified, Temple Bar removed, vestrydom abolished, London properly governed, and the streets kept clean in winter.—*Punch*.

IN TWO BOATS.

UPON the restless ocean,
The changing sea of life,
Embarked, for a peaceful sunny voyage,
A man and his youthful wife.

Two compasses they carried,
To guide them o'er Life's sea—
Ah, better by far to have carried one,
For the two would never agree.

'Twas well, in sunny weather,
When the blue waves rippled soft,
When a fair wind filled the snowy sails,
And no watch was sent aloft;

But by-and-by the tempest
Came on with the thunder's shock
And the lightning's flash, and the vessel
Was shattered upon a rock.

'Twas then the couple parted,
The twain that seemed as one—
He turned towards the glowing east,
She toward the setting sun.

Two boats upon the ocean,
Two specks upon the sea,
Each carrying a bitter, heavy load,
And a heart that can ne'er be free!
Oh, heed me, wedded lovers,
Just starting from the shore,
Carry one compass by which to steer,
One life-boat, and no more!

M. A. K.

GEMS.

HE is most secure from danger who, even when conscious of safety, is on his guard. The man who is prudent and cautious is generally secure from many dangers to which others are continually exposed.

IF we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom, we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with everything. We shall be pleased with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others, with poverty for not having much to care for, and with obscurity for being unenvied.

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Cut some carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, and celery into shreds; boil the leeks and celery in salted water until quite done. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a stew-pan; place the fire, when melted throw in the carrot and turnip, stir it over the fire five minutes, and then

throw in the onions; fry altogether until it begins to colour; stir the whole time; drain the butter, and put in a gill of clear stock; let it boil quickly until reduced to a glaze, then add as much clear stock as you require soup; let it boil ten minutes very gently, skim off the fat, throw in the leeks and celery, a few leaves of tarragon, and a little chervil, salt to taste, and add a small piece of sugar; let it come to the boil and serve.

SOUP WITH POACHED EGGS.—Poach some eggs (one for each person, and one over) in salted water, with a little vinegar, some peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley, in a shallow pan, just long enough to set the yolks slightly; take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs in uniform shape, and leave neither too much nor too little white round them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear, jelly broth. The water in which the eggs are poached should be kept at boiling point, but never boil. Some leaves, or very small sprigs of chervil, may be served in the soup.

STATISTICS.

NEWSPAPERS IN SWITZERLAND.—Statistics have been published of the newspapers which have appeared in Switzerland during the past year, from which we learn that 132 more or less important Swiss places publish 412 newspapers; 102 are published in German Switzerland, 26 in French Switzerland, and 8 in Romansch-Italian Switzerland. The canton which supports most newspapers is that of Zurich, next come Aargau with 17, Bern with 15, Saint-Gall with 14, Thurgau with 8; the Canton de Vaud has 11, that of Neuchâtel 6, while Freiburg has but 2, and the Valais 1 (at Sion). It will be seen by the following figures that newspapers are less popular in the Catholic than in the Protestant cantons, and it does not appear that their place is supplied by more instructive reading. There is in Switzerland, on an average, one journal for 6,479 inhabitants; Basel (town) has one for 2,984; Geneva, 3,730; Schaffhausen, 3,772; Schwytz, 4,770; Upper Unterwalden, 4,805; Vaud, 4,930; Aargau, 4,972; Neuchâtel, 5,405; Soleure, 5,747; Thurgau, 5,831; Lower Unterwalden, 5,850; Zurich, 6,059; Grisons, 6,119; Zug, 6,998; Bern, 7,914; Saint-Gall, 7,959; Tessin, 8,544; Glaris, 8,788; Basel (district), 9,021; Freiburg, 9,236; Exterior Appenzell, 9,745; Interior Appenzell, 11,909; Lucerne, 12,031; Uri, 16,107; Valais, 19,377.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A ROMAN Catholic bishop has prohibited the dancing of waltzes, polkas, and galops within his diocese. A FINE specimen of the camphor tree, about 25 ft. high, is in the open air at Mr. Fox's garden at Pengewick, Falmouth.

THE BAVARIAN Court has not gone into mourning for the late Duke Charles of Brunswick, because it has not been officially advised of his death.

A WOMAN who claims to be the grand-daughter of Napoleon has taken undisputed possession of the old Bonaparte mansion near Bordertown, New Jersey.

A BOOTMAKER has just invented a boot with small wheels which will enable us to go as rapidly as a horse, with the advantage of stopping at a moment's notice.

THE NEW BRIDGE.—The new bridge over the Thames at Wandsworth has been opened by Colonel Hogg, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It is a toll bridge.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, grand-nephew of Napoleon I., and second cousin of the late Emperor of the French, has been entered as a pupil at the Royal Naval School, New Cross.

DEATH OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY.—Foreign papers report the death of the King of Dahomey. He was so unpopular that only twenty of his women were sacrificed on his grave instead of the usual thousand.

LARGE YEW TREE.—One of the oldest trees in England is said to be a yew tree in Darley Dale Churchyard, Derbyshire. It is calculated to be 2,000 years old. It is not very high, but its trunk is 83 ft. in circumference.

THE SAND CLUB.—There is a deadly weapon used in Mexico and California called the sand club, made of an eel-skin filled with sand. A person when struck with this weapon seldom recovers, and it never leaves any marks. For several years the police of California were puzzled to account for some mysterious deaths. After a while they captured a burglar who had in his possession one of these formidable weapons.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SALLIE.—Requires local inquiry. A Dublin directory might serve.

J. M.—The story commenced in the preceding number under another title erroneously inserted.

EDWARD.—Hannah (Hebrew) means a mistress in the sense of domina; Edward is of Saxon origin and its original meaning is doubtful.

EMMET.—We could certainly not undertake the business of those singular institutions called "Private Inquiry Offices." We must consequently decline.

H. H. P.—The question is a technical one. We doubt, however, if there is any very great distinction. Consult any optician, who would at once inform you on the subject.

WM. S.—Refer to the table of contents at the head of this page. The present volume of the LONDON READER commenced with No. 323, which contains the first portion of a new tale called "Little Sunshine."

OLLENDORFF.—L. Odell's system is good. By order of any bookseller; the price being a little under half a guinea. 3. Not except under cases of the most peculiar nature.

FLOY.—Your gentle heart seems somewhat profoundly stirred by the anathoristic correspondence. Just send what you desire to be announced precisely in the usual course, and it shall receive our utmost attention. Per ardua ad alta.

CONSTANT READER.—Take an extract of taraxacum with a few drops of muriatic acid. Any chemist will supply you. Adopt the divine principle of Pythagoras and drink nothing but water. If you adhere to this you will soon be better.

ROBERT G.—Take some good tonic, say for example a mild preparation of quinine and iron, such as any chemist would readily supply you with. Sponges with cold water every morning, have as much air and exercise as possible, and cultivate cheerful society. There is no reason whatever why you should indulge gloomy thoughts.

J. F.—Week by week our constant announcement appears, yet week by week we are compelled to repeat it even in isolated cases. In no conceivable circumstance will we undertake to return rejected manuscripts. We should require a whole army of clerks. It simply cannot be done. Authors ought to keep a copy—if they really suppose their work to be of any value.

FANNY.—Take the sound fruit as soon as ripe, scald and peel them. To 7lbs. of tomatoes add 7lbs. of white sugar, and let them stand overnight. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes and boil gently 15 or 20 minutes. Remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens; on cooling put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it; add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

JANE.—Let those who think it is a very difficult thing to cook tomatoes take courage henceforth. This most beautiful and delicious fruit is easier to cook for those whose palates are healthy and unvitiated than any other fruit in the world, save an apple that is baked in the oven. For accompanying a chop, or cutlets, or roast mutton, tomatoes prepared as now proposed are as acceptable as appetite itself. Remove from the fruit the stalk and calyx and wipe them carefully with a dry cloth. Put them in an iron pot which has a close-fitting lid, without any butter or water or any kind of flavouring. The pot should stand on a hot-plate or trivet, or somewhere near the fire, for about a hour, when the tomatoes will be perfectly cooked in their own juice, and may be served in a hot dish with the gravy that belongs to them. They may be cooked in half an hour by putting the pot partially over the fire and keeping a sharp eye on it, but the lid must not be often removed, because the delicate odour and flavour of the tomato are soon dissipated; but, on the other hand, they must not be allowed to burn or they will be spoiled entirely. Beginners in this simple mode of cooking tomatoes would do well to put a lump of butter in with them, but they may be better cooked without it, and "a little knack" is all that is needed to render them, by this very simple process, as delicious as in any case tomatoes can be.

M. C. P.—From the tint of the colours you mention we suspect you have some wooden models to paint; a chest of deal drawers will answer our purpose to explain to you the proceedings. First, get your work as smooth as possible, but do not stop it, that is, fill in the nail or screw holes, but clear out all quirk, and rub off all excrescences, etc., with fine sandpaper; then procure quarter pint boiled linseed oil, quarter pint turps, three-quarters

pound white lead, quarter pound red lead, two ounces patent driers, and cover the whole of your work with it, and this is the priming. Let it dry. Then procure raw linseed oil, and use raw oil for every operation after this first coating of priming. After the priming you may carefully stop all holes and cracks with putty; if you require "hard stopping," you may beat up together red and white lead, and use. Then obtain 1lb. white lead and about an ounce or more of patent driers, with a small piece of yellow stainings, ochre ground in oil, about the size of a large pea, in a pot, and add the thinings—i.e., raw oil and turps in small quantities, and beat them up well together in that consistency that on holding up the spatula the colour does not run off nor yet drop off, but is just at that medium between the two; if the colour runs off it is too thin, if it drops off it is too "round," and thus you have the explanation of the word "round," and the thicker it is the rounder it is. When this colour is dry then obtain more lead, etc., and make up your white with a very small piece of black stainings. From what remains of your second colouring make your drab, putting as your thinings either oil or turps in excess, as you require your work to appear either soft or glossy. Do not use boiled oil in any plain colours—because, unless overpowered by the turps, it drags on the work, and the lichteage that is in it when exposed to the atmosphere changes its tint; thus it would make a white paint turn brown; but use boiled oil for all dry colours, such as green, etc. Do not use too much stainings.

THE OLD OAKEN CRADLE.

Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recall them.

Electric they shimmer on memory's warm sky—
The maple-fringed river, the hill grand and solemn,

And all the dear haunts in the forest near by;
I deem these fresh views on the Past's panorama
As sweetest of all the enchantments of earth—
The ancient red house, in which Life's devious drama

Commenced in the cradle which stood by the hearth;
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle
The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

Near two generations from earth have departed
Since home in highgate this quaint cradle was brought,

Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted,
Gave joy pure and holy, of sad sorrow naught!
Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted

To mother and infant, when hushed was his mirth;
How grateful was sleep when the babe for it panted:
A boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth!

The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stands by the hearth.

Not all memory's promptings of by-gones that gather
Are free from sadness made sacred by space—
Since angels led two from our home—and for ever

Seraphic behold they Immanuel's face;
And we who remain, from those scenes all are distant,
But never forget we the place of our birth;

The light of our memory, in realms reminiscent,
Reveals the staid cradle, the rocker-worn cradle.

The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

JOHN M., twenty, fair, and musical. Respondent must be about eighteen, a Roman Catholic.

R. T., eighteen, tall, dark, and affectionate, desires to correspond with a young lady about the same age.

CRUIK, twenty-four, fair complexion, brown hair, gray eyes, and a mechanic. Respondent must be tall, about twenty, loving, and domesticated.

JASON, twenty, 5ft. 5in., dark complexion, curly hair, and of musical tastes, desires to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, pretty, loving, and musical.

RUFUS, twenty-three, 5ft. 7in., brown hair, blue eyes, loving, and fond of home, and a mechanic. Respondent must be twenty, tall, and affectionate.

JANE M., seventeen, fair, medium height, a loving disposition, and domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty, good looking, and dark.

SWEET JEMMY, twenty, fair complexion, loving, and fond of home and music. Respondent must be about the same age, dark, loving, and fond of home.

GEORGE T., twenty, dark complexion, curly hair, loving, and fond of music. Respondent must be fair, loving and domesticated.

FLORENCE, eighteen, medium height, fair complexion, and of an amiable disposition. Respondent must be tall, dark, loving, and fond of home.

SUSAN, nineteen, medium height, fair, and considered pretty. Respondent must be about twenty-one, tall, fair, light hair, and fond of home.

BENJAMIN R., twenty-three, tall, fair, having good prospects. Respondent must be pretty, of a loving disposition, and domesticated.

PRIMOSE, twenty, tall, fair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition. Respondent must be tall, dark, about the same age, and of a lively disposition.

JULIA, seventeen, fair, good looking, and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, dark, and must have a little money.

BLUE PETER, twenty-six, 5ft. 9in., a seaman in the Royal Navy, dark hair and eyes. Respondent must be about twenty, fair and loving.

W. S., thirty, tall, fair, and a foreman in the building trade. Respondent must be about twenty, dark, and a domestic servant.

PHYLIS, nineteen, 5ft. 6in., fair complexion, blue eyes and Auburn hair, a farmer's daughter, thoroughly domes-

ticated, and can turn her hand to anything from the piano or the palette to the milk pail or the churn and who will have 500l. on coming of age. Respondent must be a young farmer, of good position and well educated.

JAMES J., twenty, 5ft. 5in., dark, and considered good looking. Respondent must be dark, about same age, good looking and domesticated.

BLANCH, twenty, tall, fair complexion, brown hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, domesticated, fond of music, and when of age having 200l. per annum. Respondent must be dark, loving, and fond of music and of home.

MAY, twenty-one, tall, dark hair and eyes, fresh colour, loving and domesticated, desires to correspond with a tall gentleman, about her own age, fond of music and singing. A clerk preferred.

GEORGE M. D., twenty-two, fair, considered good looking, affectionate and fond of home, desires to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, who must be good looking and affectionate.

ANCHOR FLUKE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, brown hair and blue eyes. Respondent must be about twenty, good looking, of a loving disposition, and domesticated.

STORMY, twenty, medium height, light blue eyes, fair, affectionate disposition and very fond of music. Respondent must be tall, pretty, and of a lively temperament.

JOE, twenty, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, fond of music and dancing, has 150l. per annum coming in when of age. Respondent must be a tall, dark gentleman, of musical tastes.

E. J. AND M. E. "E. J." nineteen, short blue eyes, curly hair, fresh colour. "M. E." twenty-one, tall, fair, blue eyes. Both lively. Respondents must be steady and fond of home.

KATE B., sixteen, and a tradesman's daughter, considered good looking, desires to correspond with a tall young working man about twenty-six who thinks of marrying and trying his fortune abroad.

TESSA AND HETTY. "Tessa," eighteen, rather tall, large blue eyes, and an abundance of golden hair, very pretty and has an income of 150l. per annum. Respondent must be tall, dark, and handsome. "Hetty," tall, dark, and handsome, will come into a good fortune when she is of age, which will be in a few months. Respondent must be very loving, tall and rather good looking, with light whiskers.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

LIZZIE is responded to by—"W. R. H.," young, tall and good looking, and thinks that he would just suit her.

NELLIE by—"Savant," twenty-one, tall, dark, and has about the same income.

JOLLY BOB by—"L. R.," thoroughly domesticated and thinks she is all he requires.

JENNIE by—"Saw and Jackplane," who thinks he is all she requires.

ARNOLD by—"Phillis," twenty-two, a domestic servant.

NELLIE AND LIZZIE by—"M." and "L.," who think they answer all the requirements.

EMMA by—"A. A.," twenty, rather short, fair, gray eyes, affectionate, and fond of home.

CORISANDE by—"E. A.," twenty-five; a professional gentleman of high education, very musical, speaking four languages, tall, dark, handsome and loving.

SOPHIA by—"Jumping Gib Hailyards," twenty-four, light hair, blue eyes, 5ft. 6in. in height, loving and domesticated.

EANER by—"Forget-Me-Not," tall, fair, pretty, loving of a religious disposition, and thinks she is all that he requires.

EDITH by—"W. B.," twenty-two, tall, considered good looking, and a musician by profession; also by—"B. B.," twenty-one, tall, fair complexion, respectable, and earning 240l. per annum.

HESPERIA C. by—"Happy Tom," 5ft. 10in. in height, considered good looking, of an affectionate disposition, and fond of home, very musical and thinks he will in every way answer.

LILLIAN by—"Sandy," twenty-five, tall, dark and considered good looking, of a literary taste with a salary of 350l. per year, and loving and domesticated; also by—"W. P.," who thinks he is all that she requires.

JACK TOMKINS by—"Rosa," pretty, and cheerful and would make a good little wife; also by—"Rose B.," dark complexion, dark eyes and hair, and thoroughly domesticated; also by—"Black Diamond," twenty-one, good tempered, loving and thoroughly domesticated.

POLLIE by—"Amorous," twenty-three, well educated, speaks French and Italian and holds a respectable position in a shipping office; also by—"Charlie," a young merchant, in good business. He is medium height, dark, with good figure, pleasant face and gentlemanly bearing.

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London: Published for the Proprietor, at 334, Strand, W.C. G. A. SMITH.